SEPTEMBER, 1990
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# Gent

## Home of the D-Cups

"CZECH" OUT COVERGIRL MISHKA, P. 42

LACEY PLEASURE: SHE'S A LIVING SCULPTURE, P. 90

GIRLS WHO SQUIRT WHEN THEY COME

FOUR AMATEURS BARE IT ALL, P. 85

FORMER "CANDIDLY YOURS" PLUMPER EXPOSES HER 44G-CUPS!

C.C. LEAVES US TONGUE-TIED, P. 32

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**Gent** SEPTEMBER, 1990 **Home of the D-Cups**

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# The Mail Slot

## QUESTIONING VIDEO COSTS

DEAR GENT:

I've been buying and enjoying GENT magazine now for several months. In my estimation, it's tops. I've gone nuts over the bevy of beauties that grace each month's issue.

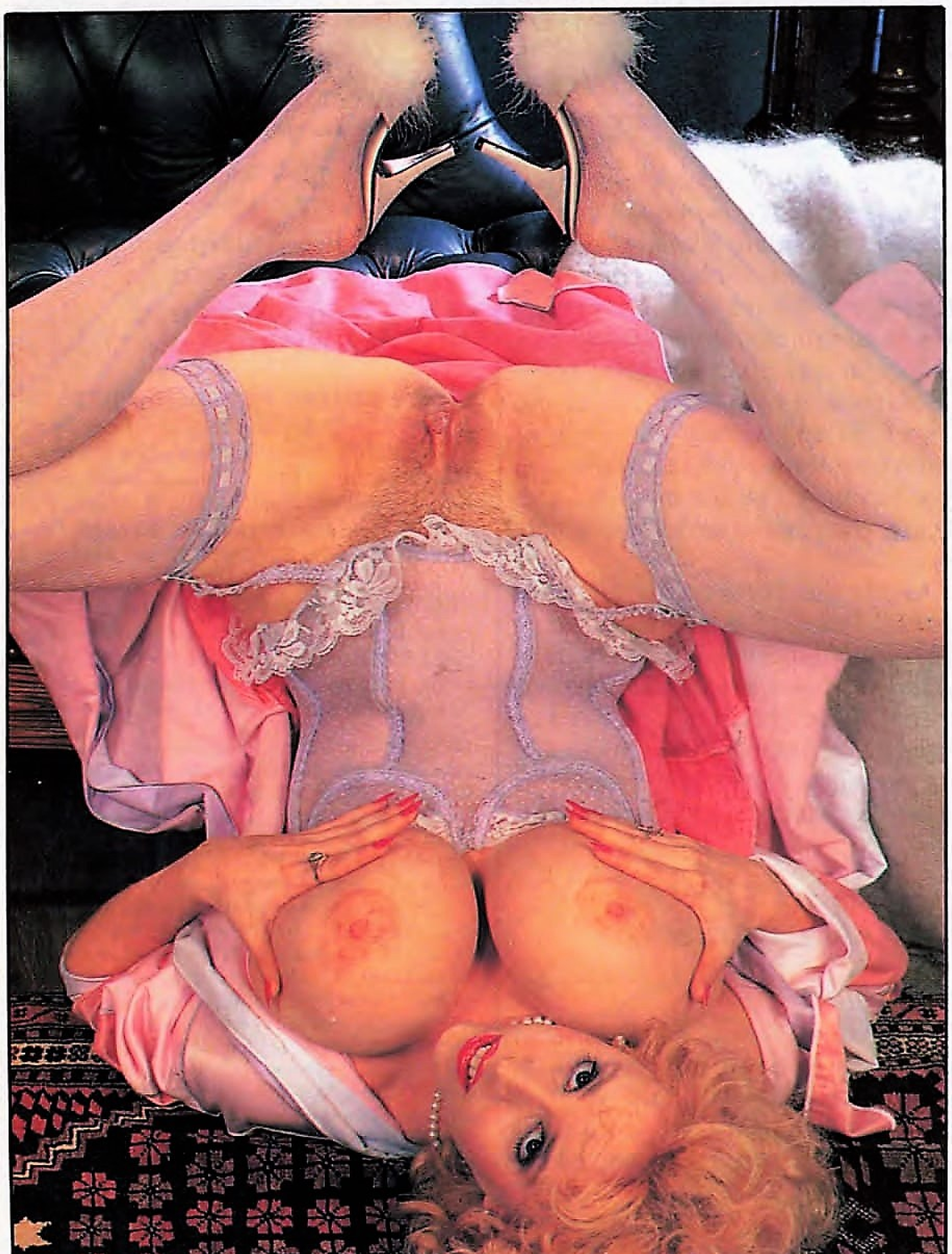
While I am not yet a collector of adult videos, I'd like to become one. However, one thing both puzzles and troubles me, so I thought I'd write and try to get an answer.

I'd love to be the proud owner of *Big Busty #30,* but as a working stiff supporting a family, $69.95 is out of the question. Why the high cost? I mean, I can buy a copy of *Batman,* a major feature-length film for $19.95. Mind you, *Batman* isn't built like Europe DiChan...but come on guys, $69.95 is on the high side.

I think there's a market out here in middle America that would be more receptive if the price went down a tad...say the $30 to $40 range. What do you think—can we negotiate, or should I start saving my money? Please let me hear from you.—S.F., Minnesota

*Dear S.F.: Better start saving your money if you want to see Europe DiChan show off every nook and cranny of her amazing bod in* Big Busty #30. *Exotic dancers as popular as Europe can make between $5,000 and $10,000 a week working the dance circuit, so when they're asked to do video, they want so much money you could put one of your kids through college on it.*

**EUROPE DICHAN: "priceless" in more ways than one**



*Furthermore, mainstream releases (such as* Batman*) can be priced so reasonably because they sell such huge numbers compared to an adult tape that must cover its production costs and earn a profit for its distributor, producer and other assorted middlemen (same as a mainstream video)—but while selling only a tiny fraction of the units. Plus, by the time a hit movie like* Batman *is released on video, it has already covered its costs and made an enormous profit at the movie theatre box office. For them, video sales are just gravy.*

## A TALL ORDER

DEAR GENT:

Another men's magazine recently advertised for tall women (six feet or more) to appear in a pictorial. I'm happy to see this, as I'm an admirer of tall women and had been hoping for something like this.

I had been writing from time to time to GENT asking that there be an issue devoted to tall women, or at least have an "Editor's Notebook" showcase tall women. You have already run a scattering of tall women in the past. A few are Lois Mitchell (6'), Kathy (6'), Karla Bonn (6'), Monique Miller (aka Benniece Roth, 6'5"), Lisa Phillips (5'11"), Bridgette (5'11") and Susan (a "Candidly Yours" model I urged you to use in a full feature, 5'11").

Please don't let an opportunity like this go by. If you have trouble finding tall women who are also busty, you can have a general tall women pictorial in one of your sister magazines, *Cavalier* or *Nugget* (just be sure to let us GENT readers know when you do).—W.D., Massachusetts

*Dear W.D.: Don't forget about Kira*

**KIRA STINSON: a girl to look up to**

**TRACY NEVE: covering her midriff wasn't our idea**

*Stinson, a 5'11" redhead who we featured last May.*

## BARE IT ALL, LADIES—INCLUDING MIDRIFFS!

DEAR GENT:

I was thrilled right down to the tip of my cock to see Darlene Lupone again in your June issue, but to be introduced to Lu Lu Devine in July's issue was almost too many wet dreams come true! Once again, you prove GENT's the best of the big-breast mags, not only with your models, but the quality of photos and *no bullshit* write-ups about them (as opposed to your competition).

I am puzzled, however, about why so many of your shots of the models have their midriffs covered in corsets, slips or T-shirts. Are they embarrassed about their waists? I sincerely hope not, since one of the reasons I've grown to adore full-figured women is their fleshier middles, as well as their more ample breasts, hips, asses, and thighs. As long as they don't have unsightly rolls of flesh, why hide them? More bare bellies!

If I could name one model I'd like to see again (maybe in a "Spotlight" feature) it would be a brunette "plumper" shown years ago in GENT as, "Patty, Full-Bodied Dreamgirl." Could we please see more of her? When she first caught my eye and stiffened my cock long ago, I realized large women could drive me crazy.

Thanks for all the orgasms.—D.O., Nebraska

*Dear D.O.: We're afraid your suspicions are absolutely correct. The reason some of our models are pictured with their midriffs covered (even if the model is relatively slim) is because they are often self-conscious about showing their tummies. Anyone familiar with our photographic style knows we prefer showing our girls completely nude (midriff and all) at the conclusion of a layout, but many of the models are so opposed to showing their tummies that we often have to defer to their wishes or risk losing them altogether.*

*As for the voluptuous plumper named Patty who was featured in GENT many years back, the odds of us running her again are slim. She was an exclusive model of famous Las Vegas photographer David Auerbach, but tragically, David lost most of his photo inventory in a fire a few years ago.*

## DARLENE: GRAND SLAM POWER

DEAR GENT:

The June issue is sensational! I would like to begin my praises with covergirl Europe DiChan. What a marvelous woman. Europe says her name is pronounced the same as the

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# The Mail Slot

**NELLIE: good girl—good photography**

continent. Well, she is magnificent, especially her *Twin Matterhorns,* which gave me a "horn" of my own!

Next, I don't know who to compliment more—Nellie Sanderson, new GENT discovery, or her superb lensman, John Lee-Graham. So, I'll do both. Nellie is a D-cup sweetheart. She is destined for superstardom. J.L.G., you did it *exactly right!* The poses of Nellie were excellent. The satin lingerie Nellie wore was incredible—I loved it. There is something about a topless young sweetie wearing Long Johns (whoops, in Nellie's case, Long Janes) that turns me on to no end. Lastly, those three ass shots of Nellie were very good. Well done, Nellie and John!

Finally, it's showtime, folks. Ah yes, Darlene! You say this girl has been to bat twice and homered both times? Not quite! Darlene has hit *two grand slams* and will continue to bat *a thousand* forever! There is one aspect of Darlene about which I disagree with you—her measurements. 45-30-38? Come on folks, who are you kidding? A 45-inch bust? Ha! As far as I can figure, Darlene not only matches big D-cuppers like Lisa Phillips and Titanic Toni, but surpasses them with ease. Let's try 57-29-39 and give credit where credit is due. Anyway, Darlene models like a pro and her face radiates a confidence and sexiness that is unsurpassed by anyone. Darlene, you are the greatest!

Rounding out the issue, Michelle and her abundant bush and ample tits looked just fine. Louise Leeds, young lady, you look great, but if you lose any more weight, just make sure it doesn't come off your wonderful hooters. Please, keep those sweet jugs plump and healthy.

Well GENT, I think I covered it all. Once again, congratulations on a superb issue. Right now, I have a big dilemma to solve: deciding which is more breathtaking, "The Peaks of Europe" or "The Mountains of Canada!"—L.M., California

## HARDCORE PIX IN GENT? DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH

DEAR GENT:

I discovered your magazine about a year ago, and have been buying it faithfully ever since. You are the definitive big tit mag and I compliment you on the excellent quality of production.

Since I am a fan of hardcore as well as a big tit man, about the only improvement you could make as far as I am concerned would be to intersperse a few hardcore stills of the girls with their usual layouts. Imagine, if you will, Lisa Phillips or Karen Kane, say, in a classic hands-and-knees pose. Then, upon turning the page seeing the same girl deep-throating eight inches, or, three-quarters impaled, sitting astride a thick cock, her pretty features contorted in pleasure as she looks back over her shoulder into the camera lens.

Ah, well. I realize that this is not the purpose of GENT, but one can dream. It would certainly set the standard for hardcore production!

New subject: I missed your layouts of LuLu Varley. If memory serves, she is British and first appeared a couple of years ago in the British tit mag *Whitehouse.* Do I have the right girl? Has she ever done any videos? I would like to acquire back issues of GENT if available where she is featured, if this is indeed the same girl I'm thinking of. She is a knockout!!

I might also mention that Virginia and the Polish model Danuta are my favorites. I would like to see them featured more often if possible. Danuta has such a sweet face, and the gentle look about her only adds to her charm and desirability. She's a sweetheart.

**LU VARLEY: a topless-only knockout**

Keep up the good work and thanks again for such a fine product.—D.M., Washington

*Dear D.M.: Yes, you have the right Lu Varley. She is a British "Page 3" girl who, like most British models, has appeared in the popular, but tame by American standards,* Whitehouse. *She has been featured previously in GENT in April '88 and, more recently, last December. However, to the best of our knowledge, she hasn't done any video work.*

## GENT SUPER STARS #12 WAS A SUPER TURN-ON

DEAR GENT:

Having received GENT *Super Stars #12,* I thought I'd comment on your choice of models. Stacey Owen is, of course, an excellent choice for your cover and centerfold. She's probably one of the most popular big boob models around today. I've seen her in some girl/girl layouts with Shona. When will we see some of this in GENT?

On page 10, I certainly enjoyed Stacey Owen lifting her breast up. I'm really turned on by women licking and kissing their own tits, like Little "Oral" Annie Owens. Annie is a model we seldom see in GENT, and this should be remedied. Shelley, on pages 36-39, is one of my favorite models. I bought several copies of her

**STACEY & SHONA: layout reprinted in *Special Edition #13***

**ARLENE BELL: a blast from the past**

original appearance just for the centerfold. Is she ever coming back?

Finally, what can I say about Helen (aka Heleana Cunningham), on pages 93-97? She is my favorite model of all-time.—T.D., California

*Dear T.D.: Stacey Owen posed with Shona MacTavish for a layout which we ran in August '88 and subsequently reprinted in* The Girls of GENT *(Spec. Vol. #13). This special edition is available from our Back Issue Dept. for $5 postpaid.*

*Annie Owens was one of our favorites too and appeared in GENT many times before retiring at least five years ago. A few years later, she flirted with a video comeback, but she had lost a lot of her bust size and only appeared in one or two videos before hanging up her bra, this time presumably for good.*

*As for Shelly, this is a model who will probably not be back. She was discovered in England by John Lee-Graham, but according to Graham, she wanted to model only as a lark and had no career aspirations.*

### WISHING ON A STAR

DEAR GENT:

I began reading GENT in 1975 when I was only 18. The first thing that was obvious to me was that I had never seen tits that big in my life! My whole idea of what "big titties" were changed when I discovered GENT! At the time, I thought, here were these sexy girls, most of whom were only a few years older than me and they had these big full tits and also wore all the sexy garments too! I was hooked!

The main reason I am writing is to send you a "wish list" of models from the past I'd love to see in GENT again. One model on the "wish list" that you did feature recently (last February) was Roberta Pedon. Thanks for the layout! Other models on my list are Arlene Bell, and a young lady named Penny, who I remember had the largest set of tits I had ever seen. They were "torpedo shaped," hung toward her waist and were capped with the biggest areolae I had ever seen! (Her last name may have been Ellis or Ellington). She has the kind of tits you can't stop looking at!

One more model was a young girl named "Kitty" that you featured around 1976. I can't recall her last name, but she looked very young, maybe 18 or 19 and I seem to remember her wearing a light blue garterbelt, hose and sheer blue negligee in her layout. She also had heavy, full hangers and had a "girl-next-door" look about her.

I sure wish you would run some shots of Arlene, Penny and Kitty sometime soon!—D.L., California

*Dear D.L.: Arlene Bell was featured fairly recently, in the September '87 issue of GENT. As for Penny "Pontoons" Ellington and Kitty, pictures are hard to come by. Usually when pictures get this old, the original photographers have either sold off all their rights or simply lost them in the shuffle. Plus, you have to realize that most photographers shot almost exclusively b/w back in those days. That's why these older layouts—for example the one of Arlene Bell in the Sept. '87 issue—are in black and white.*

### CLOTHES MAKE THE GIRL

DEAR GENT:

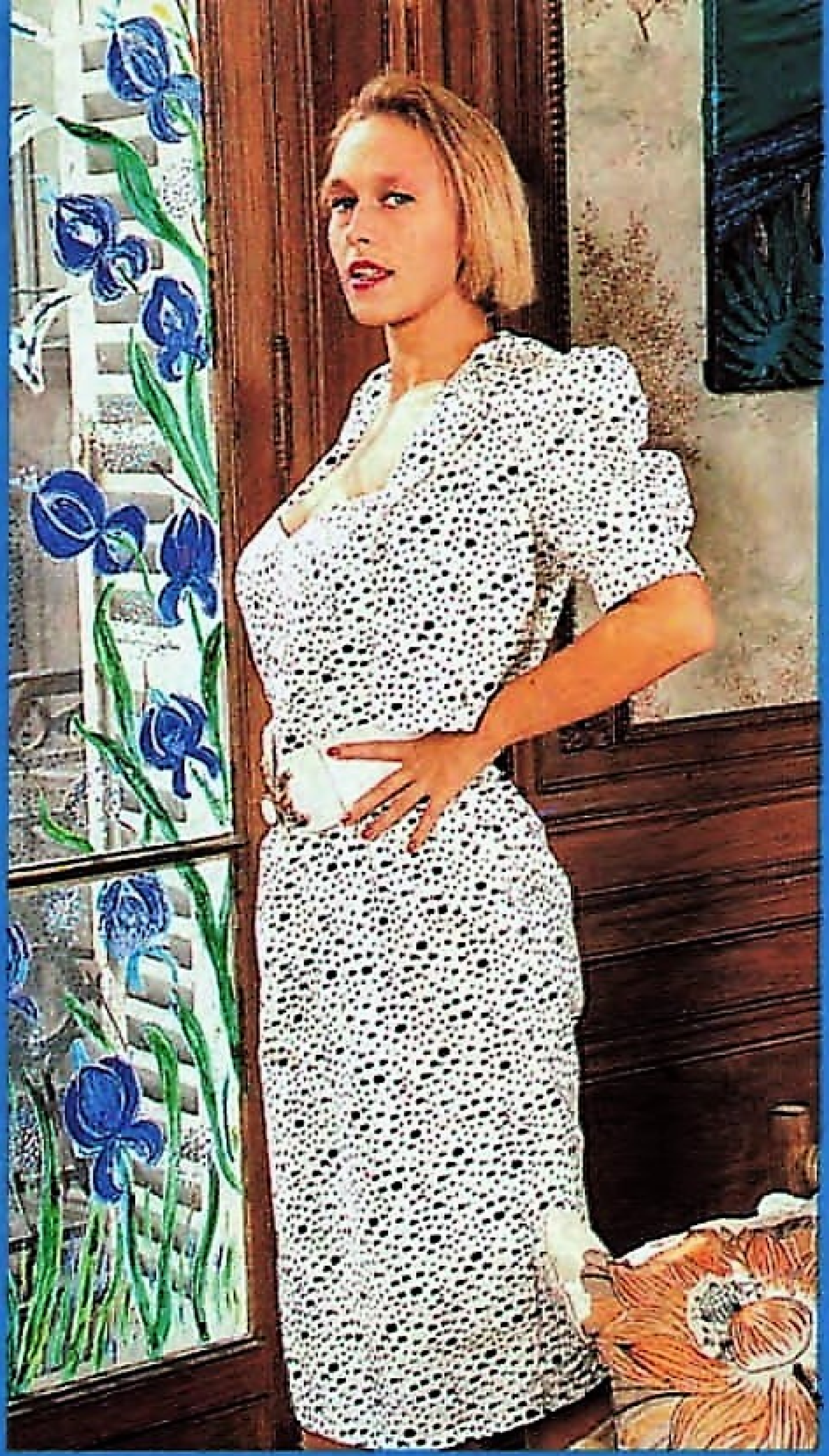
I've been reading GENT for more than 15 years and it is the best magazine around. Nothing can compare to it!

Unlike some individuals, I enjoy seeing full-figured (though not obese) women. If I wanted to see fat, I'd check out some other magazine, but I don't because you guys are the greatest.

I especially enjoy seeing women dressed in lightly colored, tight pants and tight bikini panties. A sexy bra which can be seen under a white blouse really enhances this look. In

☞ continued on page 82

**HELP THE EDITORS OF GENT decide what girls to photograph, what stories to assign, etc. by sending your suggestions, questions and other items of interest to The Mail Slot, 2600 Douglas Rd., Suite 602, Coral Gables, FL 33134.**



# Marie Christine

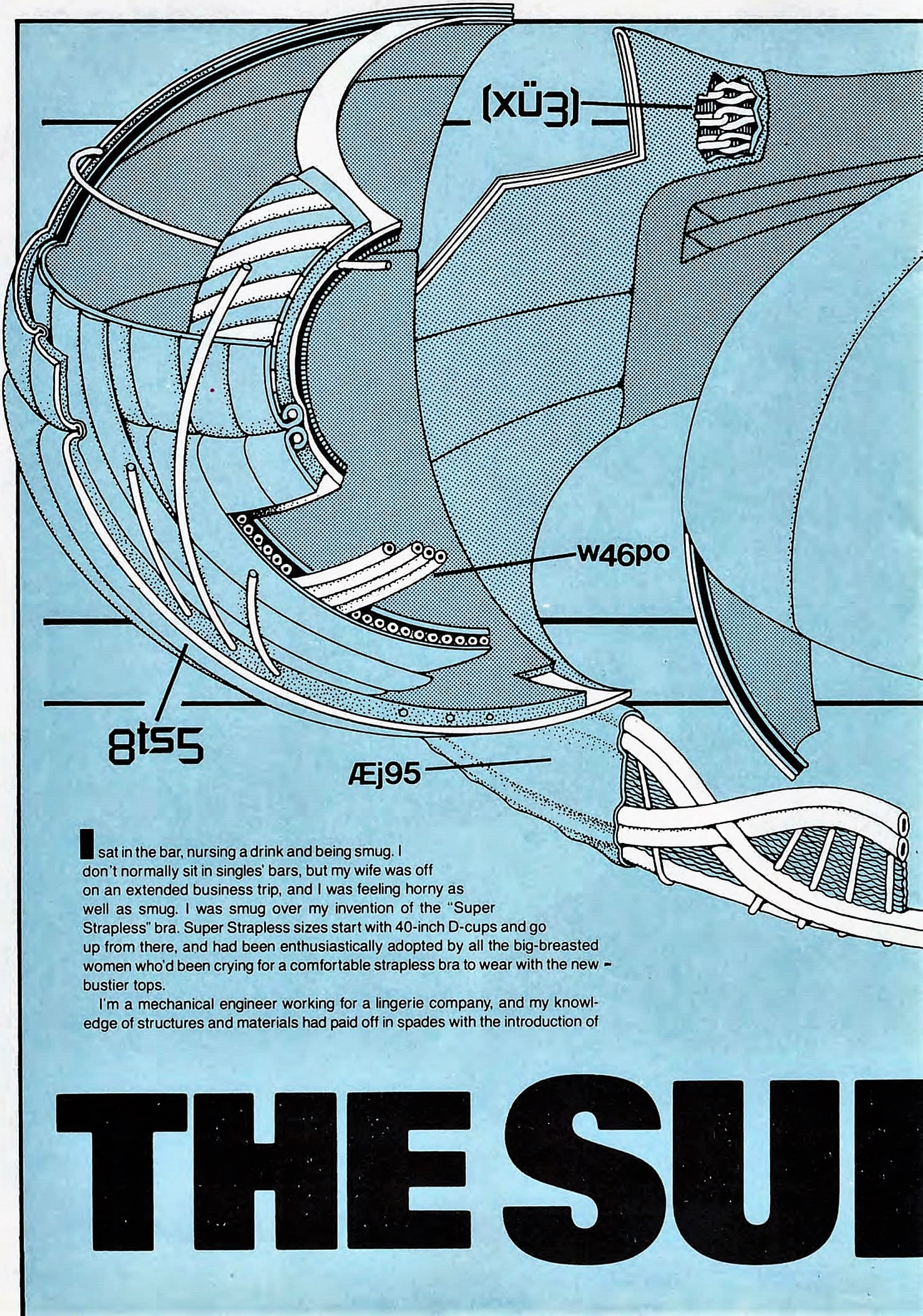
In case you had any doubts about France still being a hotbed for GENT talent, let Marie Christine quell them. Extraordinarily beautiful, this 23-year-old French girl speaks very little English and had to rely on sign language to take direction from photographer Peter Marchant, who speaks no French. But regardless of any language barrier, Marie Christine's universal beauty and sex appeal translate quite emphatically.

***French women are more renowned for their derrieres than for their boobs and Marie Christine, who absolutely delights in showing off her perfectly shaped ass, is a good example why.***

Though Marie Christine doesn't possess huge breasts, they are ample enough for her to tongue herself (above right). Standing 5′6″ tall and measuring a luscious 39-22-32, Marie Christine can also lay claim to some of the sexiest nipples we've seen in awhile—they stick out like oversized pencil erasers. But as the shots above and right show, Marie Christine's exquisitely shaped butt, which she loves showing off, is still her prime asset.

**Marie Christine's all-over tan comes courtesy of many hours of sunbathing on the nude beaches of Southern France. For many men, the all-over tan is especially erotic because it allows them to fantasize about how the girl became so bronzed.**

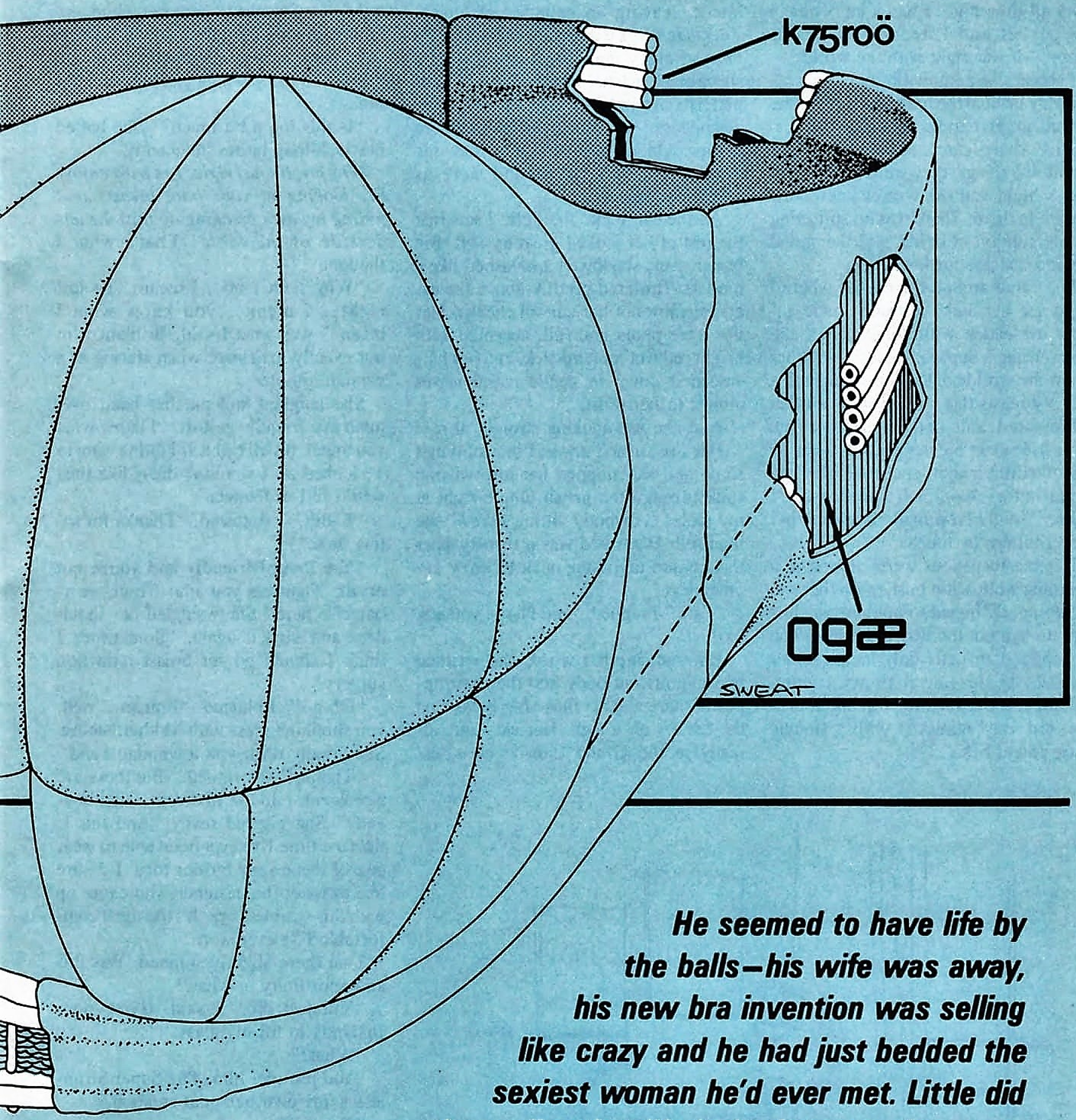
Marie Christine came to our attention when she was referred to us by another French GENT model, Emily (GENT/August). Marie and Emily co-star along with perennial GENT favorite Valerie in Peter Marchant's new video, *The Girls Of France* (available through the GENT Video Library on page 96). If these photos have whet your appetite for Marie, you'll love her on video.



I sat in the bar, nursing a drink and being smug. I don't normally sit in singles' bars, but my wife was off on an extended business trip, and I was feeling horny as well as smug. I was smug over my invention of the "Super Strapless" bra. Super Strapless sizes start with 40-inch D-cups and go up from there, and had been enthusiastically adopted by all the big-breasted women who'd been crying for a comfortable strapless bra to wear with the new bustier tops.

I'm a mechanical engineer working for a lingerie company, and my knowledge of structures and materials had paid off in spades with the introduction of

# THE SU



*He seemed to have life by the balls—his wife was away, his new bra invention was selling like crazy and he had just bedded the sexiest woman he'd ever met. Little did he realize that life isn't always as it seems.*

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER

# PERBRA

ILLUSTRATION BY OTIS SWEAT

the Super Strapless. Company stock was at an all-time high, I had a fat bonus in my pocket and Pete, my boss, was happy. All was right with the world.

I should have known better.

Every head in the bar turned when she walked in. Her spike heels made a distinctive sharp *clack* on the floor that meant two things: they were at least five inches high, and the wearer knew how to walk in them. There was no stuttering or interruption in stride, and the sound was too delicate for low heels.

She came around the corner where I could see her and I instantly made another evaluation with some pride: she was wearing a Super Strapless. No other bra in the world could have supported a pair of breasts that size in an outfit that abbreviated and make her look that good. Her giant breasts preceded her by a good seven inches, spelling "EEE" in capital letters. A 48-inch tape measure, I figured, might have made it around her chest, but not by much.

Her big torpedoes were cupped in a gleaming white satin bustier top that was far too lightly boned to hold breasts like hers up and out the way they were. The top stopped abruptly only inches under her breasts, leaving a pretty tummy peeping out between the top and a brilliant red vinyl miniskirt with a shining black patent belt.

The skirt ended well above dimpled knees, leaving an expanse of curvy, stockinged legs exposed to the admiring view of every male eye in the bar. Her sheer black nylons, which had exotic leaf patterns around the curves of her legs, disappeared into gleaming black opera pumps. On closer viewing, I saw the heels topped six inches and were as sharp as daggers.

As she came into the light, I saw that the rest of her looked great as well. Big brown eyes, shadowed and lashed like a model's, fluttered prettily above the exotic shadows of her curved cheeks. Her lips were pouty and full, accented with bright red wet-look lipstick, and her hair cascaded down in gentle raven waves almost to her waist.

And she was looking straight at me!

Her lips turned upward in a sunburst smile and she stopped her hip-twisting stalk through the urban jungle right at my table! "Anybody sitting here?" she inquired. Her voice was a throaty purr that caused my rising cock to grow another inch.

"I am," I replied, "and I hope you are, too."

Without another word, she writhed her magnificent body into the chair opposite mine and set those big breasts on the table with a sigh. Her cleavage, already in the Grand Canyon class, expanded far enough to reveal the lines of a red Super Strapless under her white top. I know I was staring, because she smiled prettily again and looked pointedly down into the yawning gap between her breasts.

"Is this top a bit much?" She batted her inch-long lashes innocently.

*Why no. It's just right. I'm truly enjoying looking at your bare breasts and feeling my dick breaking against the underside of the table.* That's what I thought.

"Why...uh...no...I mean...it's just right...I mean...you know what I mean?" was what I said. Brilliant. I'm not exactly articulate when staring at a woman's hooters.

She laughed and put her hand over mine in a friendly gesture. "I know what you mean. It's all right. If I didn't want to be looked at, I wouldn't dress like this, would I? I'm Pamela."

"B-Bill," I stuttered. "Thanks for sitting here."

"You looked friendly and you're not drunk. That sets you apart from everyone else here." She wriggled her shoulders and sighed again. "Sometimes I think I should go for breast reduction surgery."

"Oh no!" I blurted. "I mean...well, you shouldn't mess with Mother Nature. She's really dealt you a winning hand."

"Thanks," she smiled. "But these are a problem. I do like to dress...flamboyantly." She giggled sexily. "And this is the first time I've ever been able to wear one of these sexy bustier tops. I'd sure like to meet the designer who came up with this strapless bra. It's the most comfortable I've ever worn."

I sat there slightly stunned. Was this an opportunity or what?!

"You just did," I said, trying nonchalantly to lift my glass.

"What?"

"You just met him. The Super Strapless is my own personal creation."

"Go on!"

"No, really."

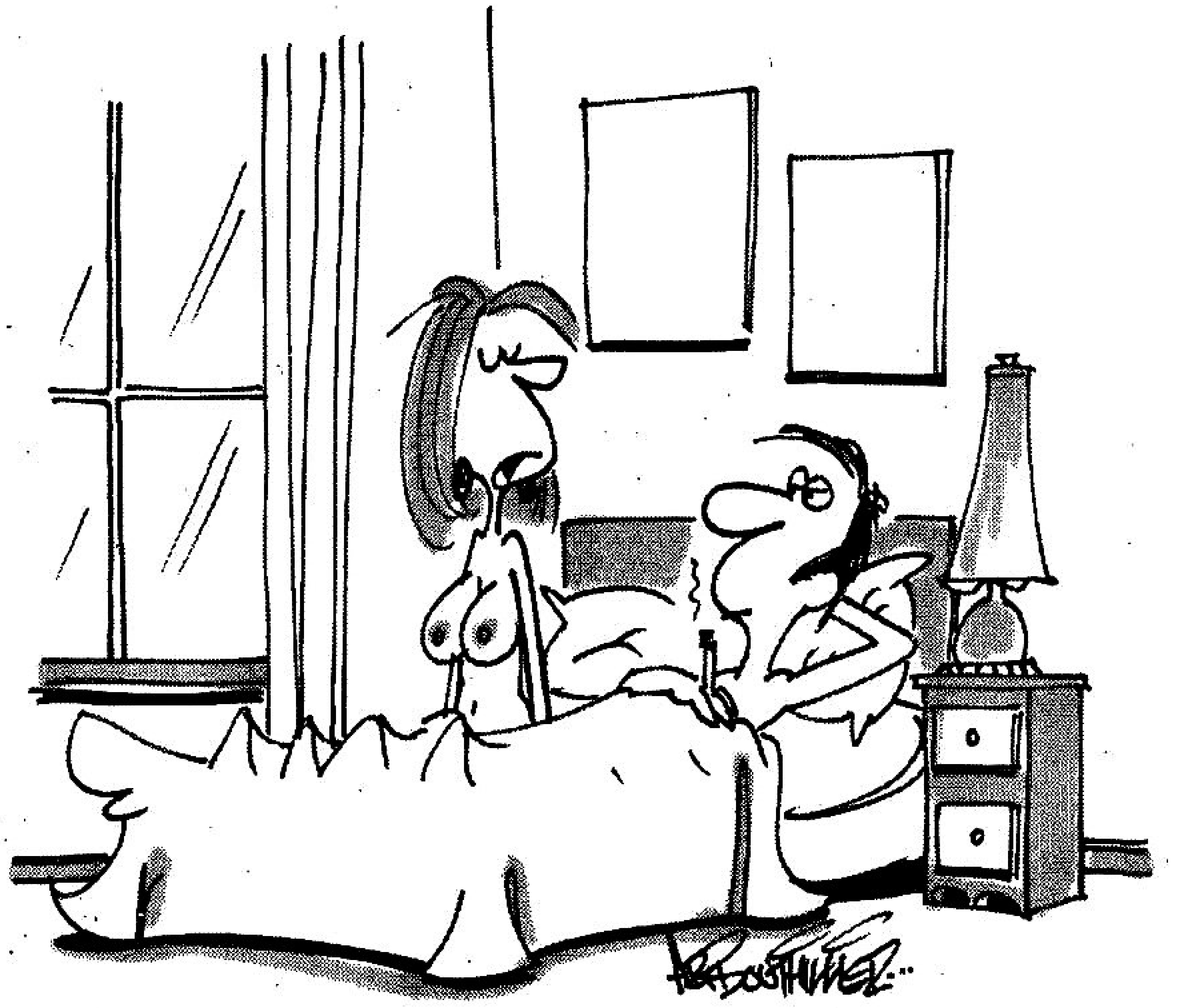
"You don't look like a lingerie designer, no offense."

"None taken. I'm not, actually. And I know what you mean. The male designers I work with are swishy. But I'm a mechanical engineer. The swishes just put the lace and fabric over the structure I design, but the structure is what makes it work."

"You're serious!"

I nodded.

Without warning, she bent across the tiny bar table and pressed her lips against mine. Her lips were soft and



**"I'm not sure if the two minutes of pleasure was worth the three hours of date."**

parted. Her tongue darted briefly between and then she was back in her seat, tugging her top upward.

"That's for your marvelous bra," she breathed. She was slightly flushed and her breasts heaved gently in their satin cups. I just sat there, my lips tingling and my dick just about busting through my pants.

The music started again. It was a slow number. "Dance?" I asked.

"Thought you'd never ask," she smiled.

When she stood, her breasts surged fleshily against the restraint of the top and bra. I noted proudly that the bra won.

She melted into my arms and pressed her glorious body against mine. Her eyes were half-lidded, but opened wide at the feeling of my erect cock snuggling blatantly against the voluptuous swell of her mound under the vinyl mini. Her breasts pressed into me and boiled upward over the top. My cock grew even harder and she sighed in pleasure, pressing closer yet.

"Maybe we don't need all these preliminaries," she whispered to my lips.

Her eyes filled my whole world. Our lips met again and, this time, her tongue didn't dart, but plunged into my mouth and explored everywhere. When our lips parted again, we weren't dancing, we were making vertical love in the middle of the crowded dance floor. Her eyes burned with undisguised lust.

"Maybe we don't," I whispered back.

All the way to my car, she held my arm and pressed her breast tightly against it, rubbing up and down lasciviously as we walked in silence. In the car, she held onto my head, pressing hard, as our tongues made violent love in our wide-open mouths. I cupped the satin-covered splendor of her right breast, causing her to moan sexily. She arched her back as I stroked and felt the velvet sleekness of her throbbing mountain of restrained flesh.

I drove off with her body pressed full-length against mine. She snuggled as close as she could, keeping her left breast against my arm the whole time.

"How did you ever think up this bra?" she asked breathlessly.

I told her about my wife and her girlfriend and watching a pair of female hands come around a female body and cup her big breasts from behind. I made it a pair of models in my story, but everything else was the same. I told her about the threesome that followed and my inspiration over the hands that gave me the idea for the support system I built into the bra.

She got even hotter as I told the story, pressing even closer to me, moving her breast up and down while she began toying with my pants. "How do you keep rival companies from copying such a great idea?" she whispered in my ear, her tongue darting delicately with every word.

"Extra boning in the bra that's unconnected with the support system," I croaked. "If you know which stays support and which don't, it's cheap to make. The extra stays are sewn in so that taking the bra apart tells you nothing, and it's too expensive to compete if you make all the stays supporting...Oh God!"

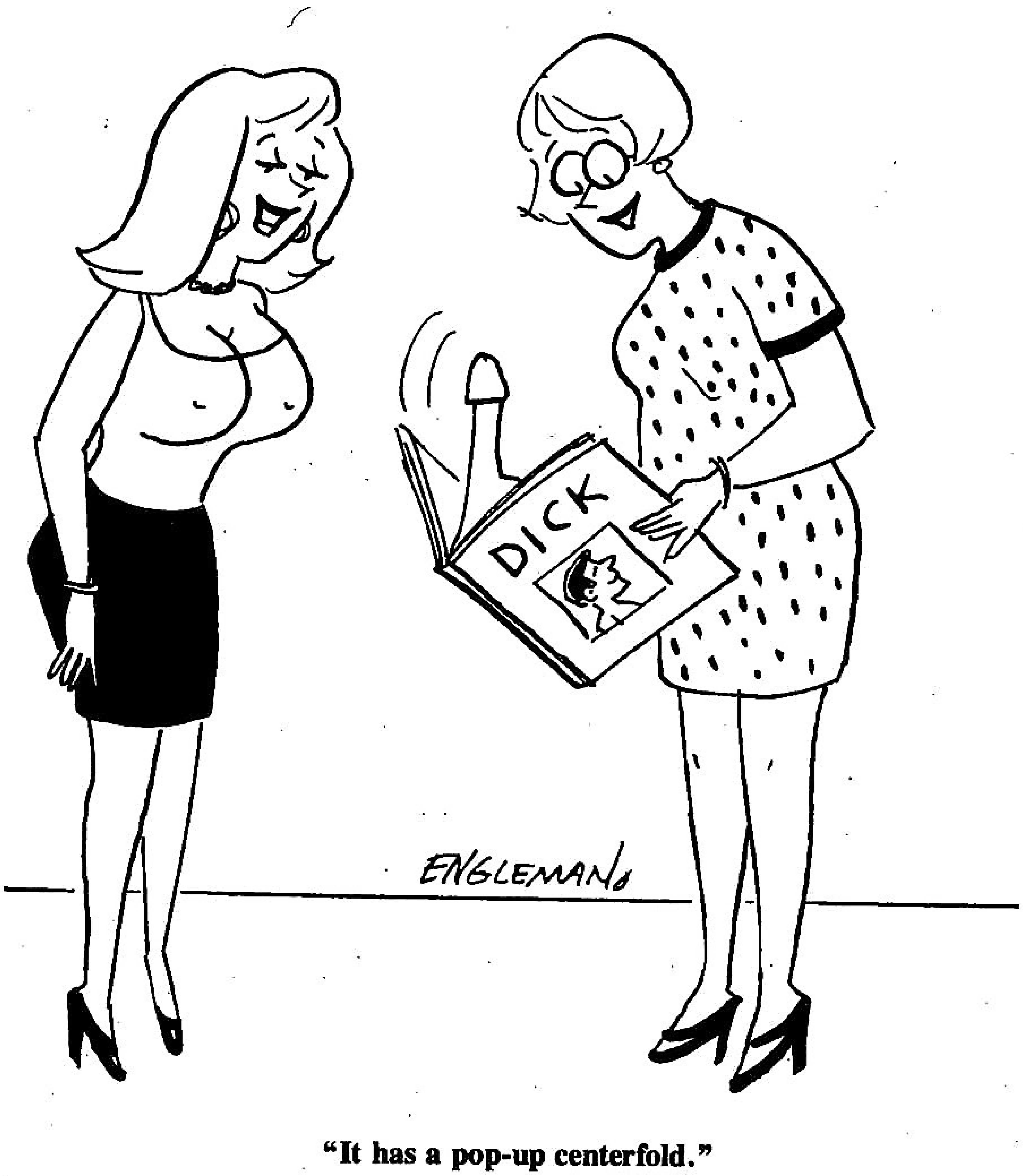
She'd taken a firm grip on my cock through my pants and I was beginning to lose control. We stopped at a light and her tongue was deep in my mouth again. I turned enough to heft her breast and she humped her voluptuous hips on the seat and her breasts into my hand and arm. We separated only when an angry horn reminded us where we were. She was breathing heavily and her breasts were heaving in her satin top. She didn't pull it up.

At my house, I opened the attached garage door with the remote control, drove inside, and closed the door. I got out quickly because I didn't want to do it in the car. She followed, smiling, knowing why I hadn't stayed. Her top was down enough to expose the upper edge of her Super Strapless. It was the low-cut model that swooped low in the center, plunging across her breasts, revealing most of her puffy areolae.

Inside, she turned to me and reached around her back. Smiling, she unfastened the satin top and let it drop to the floor in a sexy rustle. Her breasts bloomed over the red lace of the Super Strapless in twin moons of liquid flesh. Her areolae swelled over the cups and her nipples strained against the sheer lace of the upper cups.

She came to me in a rush, open-mouthed and hungry. Her breasts were huge and fleshy. I felt the stays of the bra as I took a double handful of ecstasy. She squealed into my mouth and expertly freed her left breast from the bra cup. Her nipple was as stiff as my cock and I squeezed gently to her writhing delight.

She cried out again as I cupped and stroked her naked breast. We sank slowly together to the soft carpet and



"It has a pop-up centerfold."

# Some big ones you may have missed!

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| DEC '89 | Darlene (45-30-38) | Lulu, Christina, Lauren, Gill, Cleo (56-34-44) | Care of a Cock, Getting Ready For 40, Ponderosa Sun Club Pics |

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★

**Don't be left behind like an empty bra. Once our back issues are gone, that's it. It's easy to order issues that may have slipped by you. Just send us a list of the month and year desired, from above. Always indicate a second choice in case you're too late, or, we'll have to send your money back. Enclose your check or money order for $5.00 for each issue (includes postage and handling) and mail to: GENT Back Issues, Suite 602, 2600 Douglas Road, Coral Gables, FL 33134. (Canadian orders: please remit in U.S. funds, or add $1.00 per issue if sending Canadian funds.) Sorry, no overseas orders. Florida residents please add sales tax.**

rolled around together as I made the happy discovery that the mini was all she wore below her tiny waist. She screamed happily at the touch of my fingers against her sopping womanhood.

I picked her up and carried her to the bedroom as she squirmed and writhed lustfully in my arms. Her breasts lolled fleshily and her nipples were erect and throbbing. We fell to the bed, I quickly got out of my clothes and we commenced exploring each other with our tongues.

She then squirmed away and left me panting; my cock throbbed urgently. She propped herself up against the pillow, then spread her long legs wide. She still wore the nylons and heels, but the mini was around her waist and her pouting lips were rosy and wet. Her breasts shivered on top of the folded-down cups of the Super Strapless. Her nipples were red and throbbing. She opened her arms wide...

I don't remember much else, other than it was a sexual frenzy, the likes of which I'd never experienced before. I remember waking up once underneath her, my cock buried deep inside her velvety tunnel. I looked at her and saw that the Super Strapless was back in place on her chest, but her breasts were so swollen with desire, she really needed a bigger size to contain them.

"Kiss the stays that work," she whispered, then raised herself up, dangling her cupped breasts in front of my lips.

"This one..."

"Oh!"

"This one..."

"Oh!!"

"This one..."

"Oh my!!"

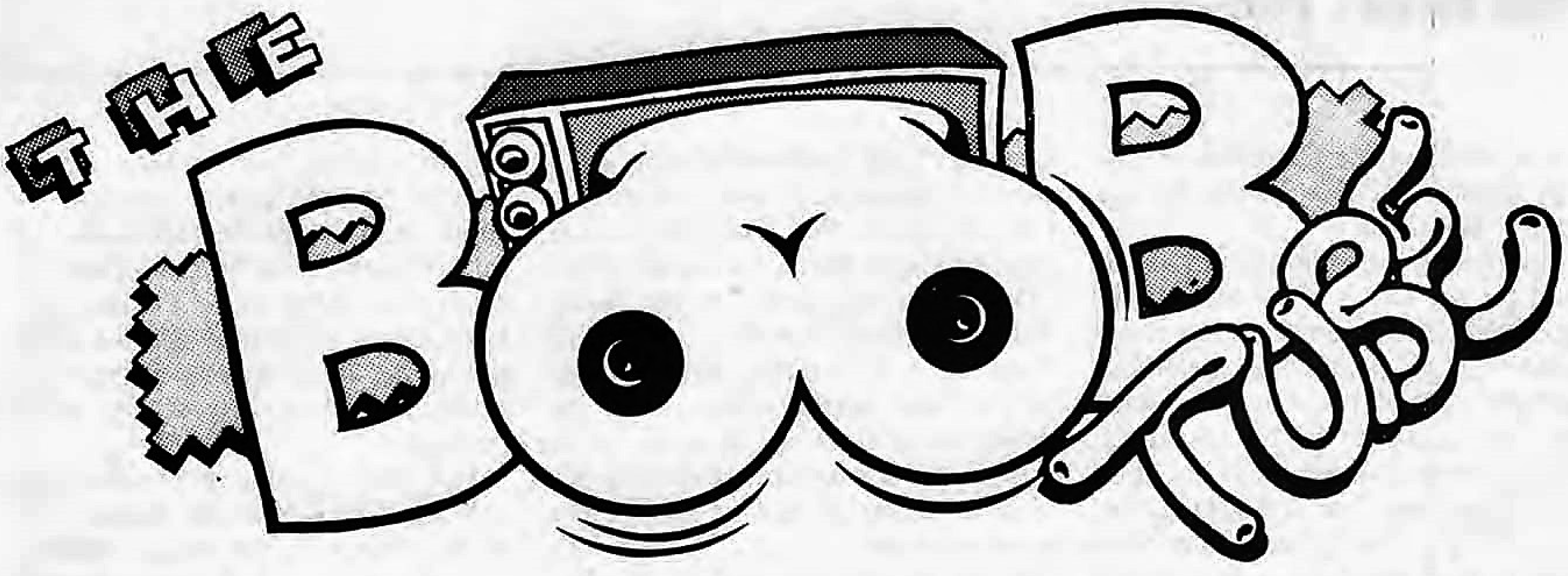
"...and this one..."

"Oh God!!!"

My cock expanded inside her as she humped her broad hips. I buried my face between her satin-encased breasts and kissed her breastbone forcefully through the luxurious material of the bra. She cried out and yanked the cups down again, letting me nuzzle her rigid breast tips while I began stroking into her in earnest. When I fired a hot load deep into her clinging twat, she cried shrilly, tears of uncontrollable ecstasy running down her cheeks as we writhed together.

I awoke again later, still buried inside her. When she awoke, she instantly squeezed my cock with her pussy muscles and we were at it again. I don't know how many times we did it that night.

☞ continued on page 79



**Reviews of new videos with an emphasis on big bust action.**

# BIG BUSTY #36

***Filmed live in Toronto's famed strip clubs, four D-cup exotic dancers, including Tracl ToppS and Sheena Marie, will amaze you with their athleticism and sensuality.***

Tracl ToppS's exciting debut as our March covergirl and centerfold made our readers drool. Your response was so overwhelming we lassoed this 49-22-35 beauty, along with Sheena Marie (May/GENT), Bunny Glamazon and Brandy "Boom Boom" Anderson for 60 minutes of sizzling video action. Three of these four big-breasted exotic dancers are shown performing their acts, live, in Toronto's famous D-cup strip bars in the "new and improved" version of *Big Busty #36.*

BY PAT BROOKS

I waited to review this video because, since it was taped live while the girls performed, the stage lighting caused some of the footage to be on the grainy side. So, after going back to the editing studios for some minor adjustments, *Big Busty #36* is now back and ready for viewing. The only major alteration is the elimination of Beverlee Hills's performance because her act had been taped using only the nightclub's strobe lighting. Though dramatic, it was just too hard to see.

***As the headliner of Big Busty #36, a video which showcases four exotic dancers in live action, Tracl ToppS exposes every amazing inch of herself.***

So substituting for Beverlee on the new version of *Big Busty #36* is Bunny Glamazon.

Headlining the action is tantalizing Tracl ToppS, who's billed as measuring 57FFF. She enters the stage wearing her cowgirl outfit which includes a gunbelt strapped to her thin waist. She strips down to her gunbelt, dances around shaking her tits, then stuffs them into her tight-fitting hat. For a finale, Tracl lies down on a blanket and simulates masturbating while the video camera zooms in to reveal every amazing inch of her figure. And, believe me, though new to the dance circuit, Tracl doesn't have a modest bone in her body as she gives the audience—and video viewer—a real eyeful!

Next is 6'3" Bunny Glamazon. Because of Bunny's statuesque appearance, we understand why she's called Glamazon. Bunny, wearing a red, sequined dress with a feather boa, dances in front of a crackling fire. (This is the only scene in *Big Busty #36* not filmed live in a nightclub.) Eventually, she strips down to her white corset and stockings, then lies down on a fur rug, allowing us to eyeball her ass and pussy. Bunny jiggles her fleshy ass and tits for us quite provocatively. If you're into tall women, Bunny definitely fills the bill.

Brandy "Boom Boom" Anderson is another busty newcomer to the strip circuit. She's an attractive girl who can do a mean bump and grind, but lacks that certain charisma necessary for really wowing an audience. Even when she spreads her sinewy legs and exposes her pussy, she leaves me limp.

However, Sheena Marie's stimulating act more than makes up for Brandy. Sheena dances on stage in a short fringe-cut outfit, then shows off her acrobatic skills by contorting her body into some unbelievable positions. Later, as Sheena gyrates across the stage, her nonstop energy and bubbly personality really shine through.

But when Sheena gets to the heart of her act, your dick won't know what hit it. Sheena has the unique ability to actually make her tits and asscheeks undulate. All this sensual jiggling causes her nipples to get so hard, they stand at attention. Sheena emphasizes their erections by balancing drink stirrers on each one!

And that's just the beginning. When Sheena gets down on the floor, she spreads her legs and inserts two stirrers into her pussy. Then she uses her amazing muscle control to make the stirrers wriggle and literally move in and out of her pussy. Her act is so unusual, you won't believe what you're seeing. In fact, you'll probably have to rewind and watch it several times before you stop doubting your own eyesight. Don't miss this one!

Check the Video Library on page 96 for details about ordering *Big Busty #36*.

***When Sheena Marie,* Big Busty #36*'s final performer, gets to the heart of her act, you'll have to look twice to really believe what you're seeing.***

# THE BEST OF DOUBLE-D'S

***Take a titillating trip down mammary lane as the hottest outtakes from adult videos past and present are compiled in one package.***

Most tit hounds will agree that certain scenes from adult videos stand out in our memories. These scenes usually feature our favorite big-breasted porn stars receiving such forceful impalings that their titflesh appears to change in shape as it undulates wildly on their chests. I have often wished that someone would take all these great scenes and compile them into one video.

Well, thanks to Vidco Video, we can now see two hours' worth of such

***This hot threesome featuring Keisha (middle) and La Dawn (on her back where she belongs) is typical of the action in* The Best Of Double-D's.**

scenes in *The Best of Double D's.* This video features Busty Bell, Trinity Loren, Nikki King, Lisa Cruz, Keisha, Ebony Ayes, Kitten Natividad, Patty Plenty and Candy Samples.

This trip down memory lane contains some vintage footage, ranging from Kitten Natividad and a young, albeit not too busty Patty Plenty to the recent work of Busty Belle, Trinity Loren and others. All these girls are showcased at their tittiful best in scenes guaranteed to tent your shorts.

For those who have never seen Kitten Natividad perform, this is your chance. Kitten, who is renowned as an exotic dancer, has never done any hardcore, but did a few videos showcasing not only her massive mammaries, but her affinity for females as well. One sizzling lesbian scene features Kitten and Patty Plenty. Patty sucks on Kitten's gargantuan hooters before receiving a dove fuck from Kitten. Even though this is old footage, their girl/girl session is hot enough to tighten your pants.

We also get to see Patty Plenty at the beginning of her career when she was only a C-cupper. Patty is also featured later on—with her new and improved breasts—receiving a doggie-style impaling from Nick Random.

Candy Samples is another legend in porn. This mature lady has been the object of many fantasies over the years. She is paired with her ex-boyfriend Tony Romano. Tony nuzzles against Candy's pliable breastflesh and sucks on her erect nipples. Then he works his way down to her pussy. Candy repays Tony's oral attention by slipping her red lips around his turgid rod for an electrifying blowjob. Their scene ends with Tony shooting his load all over her magic mountains.

Speaking of magic mountains, Busty Belle's bounty isn't bad either. She is featured in a scene with two girls and a guy. Busty concentrates on the girl/girl action, sucking tit and lapping pussy while her bulbous breasts are licked and fondled.

Shifting gears, there is an art to sucking cock and no one does it more erotically than Trinity Loren, who shows off her awesome cocksucking talents before being ravaged by two guys. Later on as Trinity dances topless, the camera zooms in, capturing her impressive hooters as they flounce wantonly.

You also won't want to miss black beauty Ebony Ayes's sizable breasts bouncing up and down while she receives a hearty impaling. Or the lesbian session between La Dawn and Keisha as they go tit to tit in a scene that includes plenty of lacy lingerie.

This video is so chock full of steamy, titillating outtakes, your library won't be complete without it. For more information, call Vidco at 1-800-621-3824 or in California at 818-715-9411. Don't forget to mention you read about *The Best of Double D's* in GENT.

# BIG BUSTY #39

***Mere adjectives can't do justice to this exciting video which features the hardcore debut of the astounding Chessie Moore.***

**S**timulating, tantalizing, exciting and titillating—these words barely do justice to Big Top Video's *Big Busty #39,* a superlative 75-minute video starring ex- "Candidly Yours" beauties, Chessie Moore and Lauren as well as Beverlee Hills and Tami Roche.

Chessie Moore, who made her modeling debut last January in "Candidly Yours," quickly achieved covergirl status three months later (Gent/April). Her astounding body was also showcased in eight hot pages, including a centerfold spread. You can also see this sexy titter in *Big Busty #37,* but *Big Busty #39* is Chessie's first hardcore appearance, and does she get down and dirty! I haven't seen such raw sexual enthusiasm since, Brazilian Elle Rio hit the

***Chessie Moore (left) and Lauren, two "Candidly Yours" discoveries, fondle one another in a scintillating threesome scene from* Big Busty #39.**

screen.

Before I discuss Chessie's lust for cock, let me tell you about her lesbian scene. She co-stars with another "CY" girl, Lauren. Lauren has dropped a few pounds, which has made her more beautiful than ever. Her breasts appear slightly smaller than I remember, but are still large enough to drool over. To be truthful, though, I hardly recognized her. Her hair is longer and styled differently which, combined with her weight loss, give her a newfound sex appeal.

Chessie and Lauren are drawn together like flies to honey. Their bodies ignite as their tongues probe the other's mouth. After slowly unzipping Lauren's top and unleashing her pendulous breasts, Chessie caresses and licks them. Chessie works her way down to Lauren's pussy and rubs her own bloated breasts against Lauren's plump pussy for a thoroughly arousing dove fuck. The girls continue their trip down erotica lane by mashing their massive titflesh together and tonguing one another's cunt.

The heat rises (not the only thing rising, though) when Steve, the pool boy, enters the room. He's been outside watching the action and has a monumental hard-on. When Chessie gets an eyeful of his swollen manhood, she immediately goes down on him. Chessie is determined to bring Steve to nirvana, so she demonstrates her acrobatic skills by wrapping her legs around her own head which gives him a splendid view of her pussy. Steve plunges his tongue into her wet cunt as Lauren takes her turn sucking him off. The threesome continue licking, fucking and sucking until they are totally spent.

If you somehow survive that scene, the next one featuring Beverlee Hills, will bring you to your knees. This slim-'n'-stacked beauty strips, displaying her flawless figure, which by itself may make you lose control.

Beverlee is horny, so she calls her boyfriend and asks him to come over to service her. She's in her bedroom wearing a black lace bodysuit, but she can't wait, so she starts without him. She begins by massaging her mammaries and fingering her pussy. Beverlee winds up in a wild masturbation session which includes humping the brass footboard railing on her bed. When her boyfriend arrives, she immediately begins sucking his cock. Before long, he's as hard as a rock and they wind up fucking their brains out.

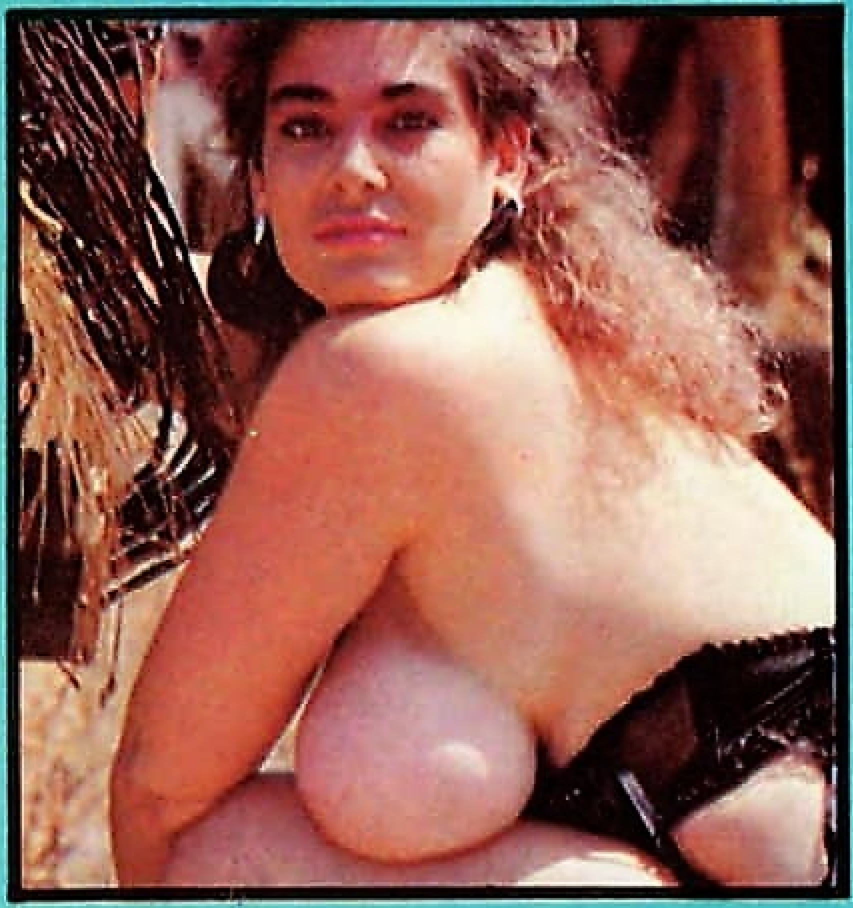
During their heated session, Beverlee's pontoons jiggle back and forth lasciviously. Their tryst ends in a spunk-spurting finale.

Last, but certainly not least, is Tami Roche and Rick Savage. Rick plays a mailman who delivers more than the mail—he also delivers eight inches of hard cock. Tami tempts Rick with her red and black stockings, garterbelt, panties and cupless bra, which holds her firm breasts straight out. Rick wastes no time in licking her large dark areolae and sucking on her erect nipples. His attention turns Tami on, so she wraps her balloon-like breasts around his cock for a sensual titfuck. The action continues as Rick plunges his cock deep into her lovehole before finally exploding in orgasm.

Well, that's it for this video. You can see there is a plethora of stimulating action in *Big Busty #39.* For you adult video connoisseurs, this one should have a special place in your private collections. This video will sell fast, so check out the GENT Video Library on page 96 for details on ordering. G

**DEBBIE (40-23-33)**

**PEACHES (44-32-41)**



**KELSA (44-30-42)**

**MILLY (44-28-40)**

## 1989 EDITION
# the girls of Gent

IF YOU MISSED the '89 edition of *The Girls of GENT* while it was on your local newsstand, now you can order your copy directly from us. We'll deliver it promptly to your mail box in a sealed, unmarked envelope and you can begin to enjoy pictorials featuring all of the models pictured here plus many more. Just send your check or money order for $5 along with this coupon to Dugent Publishing Corp., Suite 602, 2600 Douglas Road, Coral Gables, FL 33134.

Name

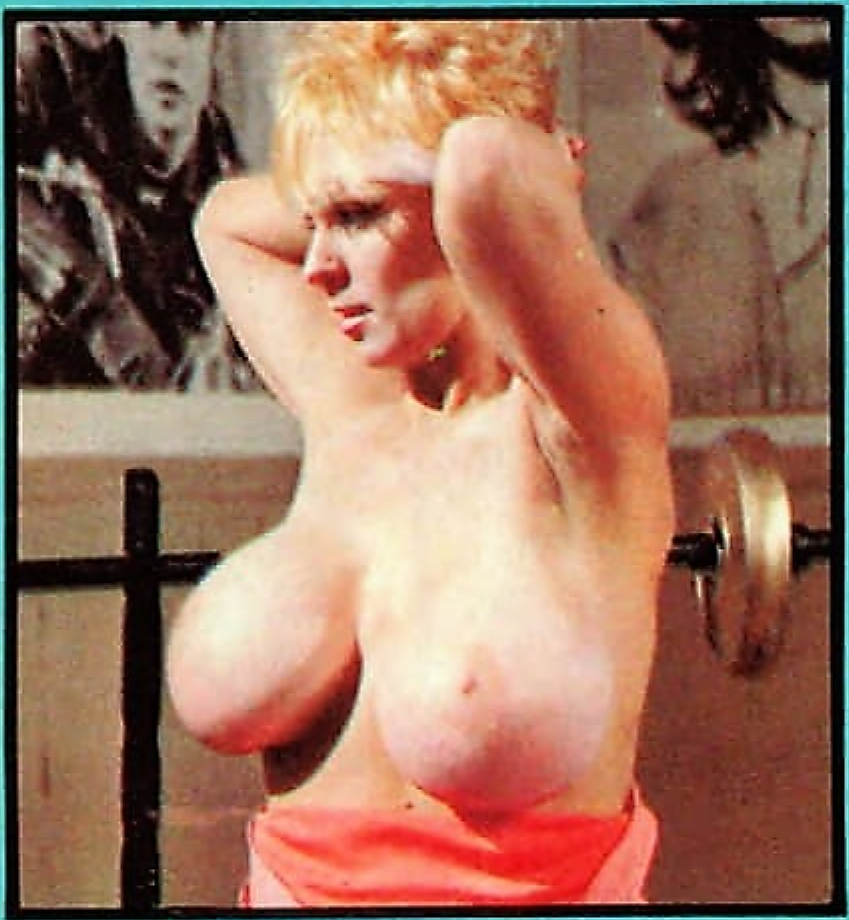
Street Address

City

State & Zip

**SUSANNE (41-26-37)**

**YVONNE (40-24-36)**



**BUNNY JO (50-25-35)**

**SHONA (40-30-39)**
**STACEY (42-24-36)**

**PAULINE (43-26-35)**

**LISA (46-30-38)**

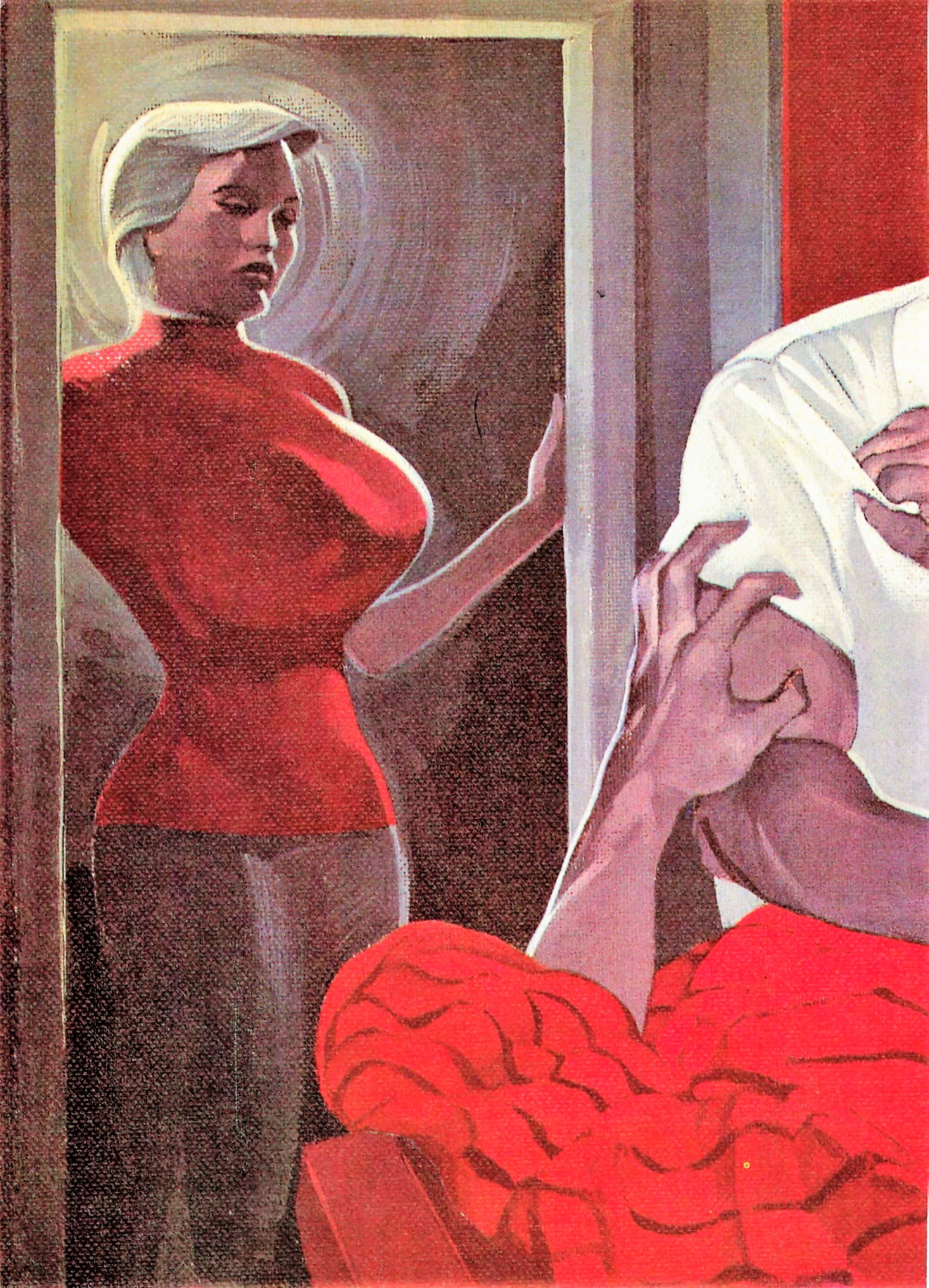
# Great Beginnings

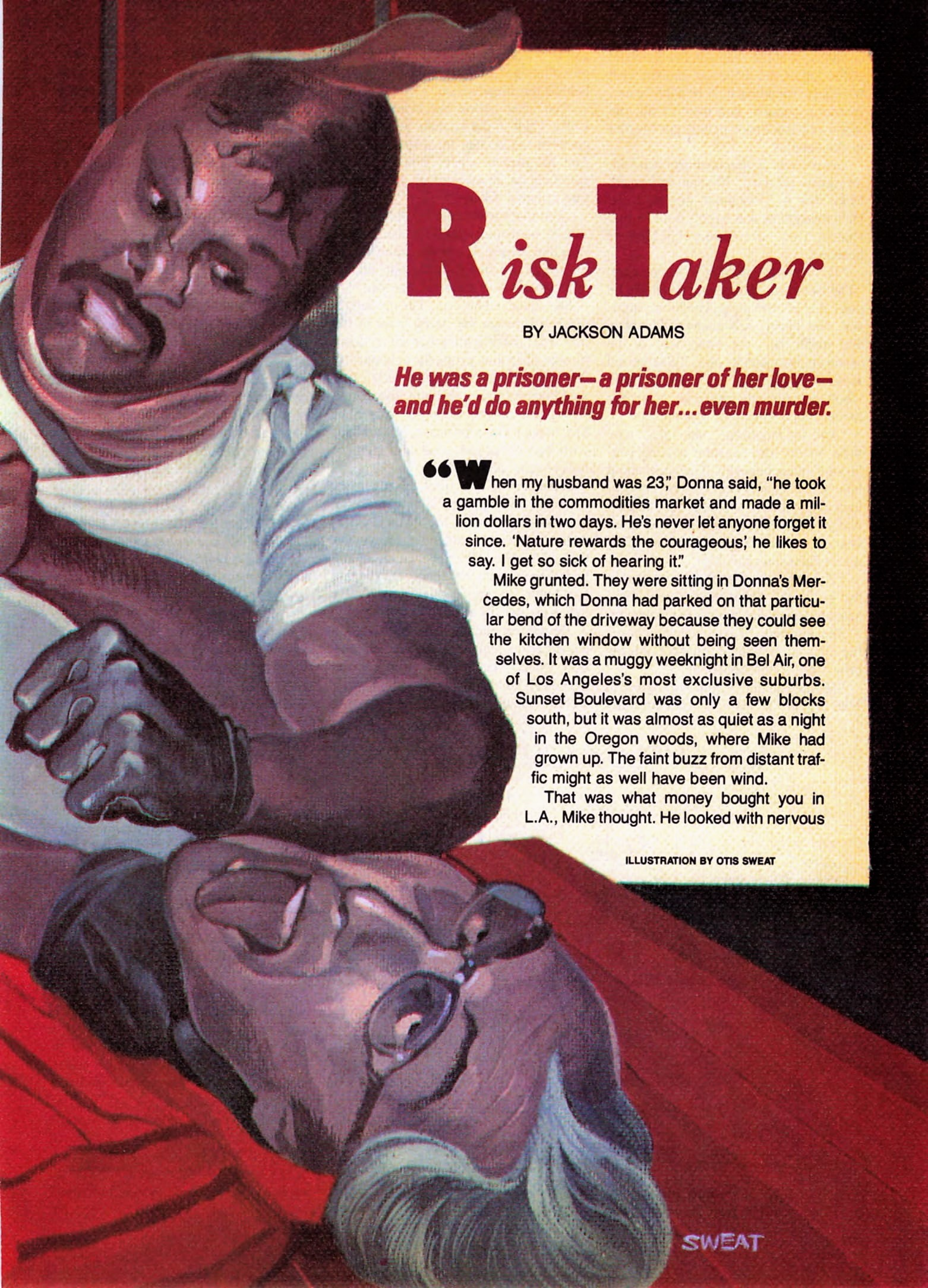
Just imagine being a photographer on the lookout for GENT-type models. You walk into a restaurant after a frustrating day, with nothing on your mind except a sandwich and a cold glass of beer and there, menu in hand, is beautiful Connie. Her pink uniform is bursting at the buttons as her voluptuous 38DD breasts threaten to tear the fabric too smithereens. Her voluptuous 140 pound figure is all curves and softness and your palms are sweating as you pop the question: "Would you be interested in modeling?" The answer turns out to be yes! And suddenly, a brand-new model *and* photographer are about to be introduced in GENT. Could this be the start of something big?

## There are few experiences more gratifying than discovering a new model.

Our newest model is Connie Forbes, a blonde California cutie who's 20-years-old, 5′3″ tall and weighs 140 pounds. Her measurements are 42-25-36 and she wears a DD-cup bra. Connie's happy discoverer is Tim Hammill, a professional glamour photographer who is also making his debut in this issue. Welcome, Tim. Our door is always open to new photographers with a good eye for our style of shooting models.

Connie shows great potential for a successful modeling career. Aside from her obvious qualifications . . . a pretty, youthful face and perfect, full figure, she appears to have both the eagerness and the ease before a camera so necessary in conveying the proper image. For a first-timer, Connie's hesitancy to open herself up is apparent, but her teasing smile tells us that she'll undoubtedly come around in future sessions. We are certainly looking foward to an even more intimate exploration of Connie's "peaks and valleys," as we add both her and Tim to our list of star models and photographers here at GENT.





# Risk Taker

BY JACKSON ADAMS

***He was a prisoner—a prisoner of her love—and he'd do anything for her... even murder.***

"When my husband was 23," Donna said, "he took a gamble in the commodities market and made a million dollars in two days. He's never let anyone forget it since. 'Nature rewards the courageous,' he likes to say. I get so sick of hearing it."

Mike grunted. They were sitting in Donna's Mercedes, which Donna had parked on that particular bend of the driveway because they could see the kitchen window without being seen themselves. It was a muggy weeknight in Bel Air, one of Los Angeles's most exclusive suburbs. Sunset Boulevard was only a few blocks south, but it was almost as quiet as a night in the Oregon woods, where Mike had grown up. The faint buzz from distant traffic might as well have been wind.

That was what money bought you in L.A., Mike thought. He looked with nervous

ILLUSTRATION BY OTIS SWEAT

amusement at the mansion that towered at the top of the driveway and the lush woods surrounding it. It bought luxury, freedom, comfort and most of all, the space and quiet poor people got for free in the country.

Donna was a spectacularly stacked, unhappily married, 30-year-old blonde. Mike was a 23-year-old weight lifter. He'd thought he was happy, until he met Donna. They were there to kill Donna's husband.

"He *demeans* people," Donna said. "The better he knows you, the more he does it. He's the great Theodore Bronson, the daring self-made millionaire, and you're the...the hired help, or the cowardly bureaucrat, or..." She gested at her body, angrily. "...The stupid wife who's got nothing more to offer the world than a great pair of knockers.

"And it's *incessant,*" she said. "The little insults, the constant putting-you-in-your-place behavior. They talk about how some women can become psychological prisoners of their husbands. I really feel that way. For the past seven years of my marriage, I have been Theodore Bronson's prisoner."

"You sure he doesn't have a gun in the kitchen?" Mike interrupted. He'd already heard the rap on her husband.

She nodded. "I'm positive. There's the .357 in the hall and that's it. All the others are in the bedroom."

"He's a gun nut. A gun nut's liable to hide a pistol in a roll of fucking toilet paper. I don't want to barge in on this guy if he's got a Smith & Wesson tucked behind the breadbasket."

"No." She shook her head emphatically. "Not in the kitchen. And he *will* come to the kitchen for a sandwich before he goes to sleep. When he's not gambling on an investment, he's a creature of habit. I know him.

"And that's where you'll kill him," she added, with unconcealed relish. "With your bare hands. Just to show him what a pipsqueak he really is, despite all his money, next to a real man like you."

She squeezed his arm. The moonlight reached through the tinted glass of the Mercedes, backlighting her short, dusty blonde hair and properly aristocratic face. He had never imagined such a face could belong to a woman in love with a wrong-side-of-the-tracks guy like him. She looked like a princess, he thought, with her upturned nose and perfect milky-white skin.

Mike let his eyes drift up her torso, from her lithe hips and slim waist to the enormous, pillowy mammaries that shimmied braless under her brown turtleneck blouse. He'd lost count of the hours he'd spent fondling and sucking her huge, spongy jugs, but he could never get his fill of them.

He was an addict, Mike thought. He sighed and squinted at the kitchen window again. They'd been sitting in the driveway for almost an hour now. It wouldn't be much longer before the light in the kitchen came on. Then it would be time for Mike to get out and creep the hundred yards between the Mercedes and the kitchen door—the door that she said wouldn't be locked.

And then he'd kill her husband for her. It wasn't make-believe but he was an addict, so it didn't matter what laws he broke, what chances he took. If she was Theodore Bronson's prisoner, then he was her prisoner.

They'd met at the gym three months before. Mike was—or *had* been, anyway, because Donna was paying his bills now—a weight lifting instructor. He'd been used to seeing curvy women at the club, including some real busty ones, but he'd still almost come in his jockstrap the first time he saw Donna. She was 5'4," and measured 42DD-23-34. In a leotard top, her tits had looked unbelievable.

And it hadn't been just her huge boobs, either. He'd had to get to know her for a few days, as her gym instructor, before he'd *really* gotten a hard-on for her. By then, it had gotten to the point that all he could think about night and day was ripping off that leotard top and fucking her as hard as he could.

But she was so *formal.* She had the manner to go with her upper-class looks. Even in the gym, she was feminine in a special, subtle, blue-blooded way. From the way she spoke, to her shy way of politely ignoring the weight lifters who gaped at her huge sucklers in the gym, she oozed class. She was *refined,* that was the word for it. Mike's mom had worked the swing shift at Sambo's so she could watch *Hollywood Squares* every day.

To him, Donna's manner had seemed almost as unobtainable as her body. The two combined had driven him half-crazy.

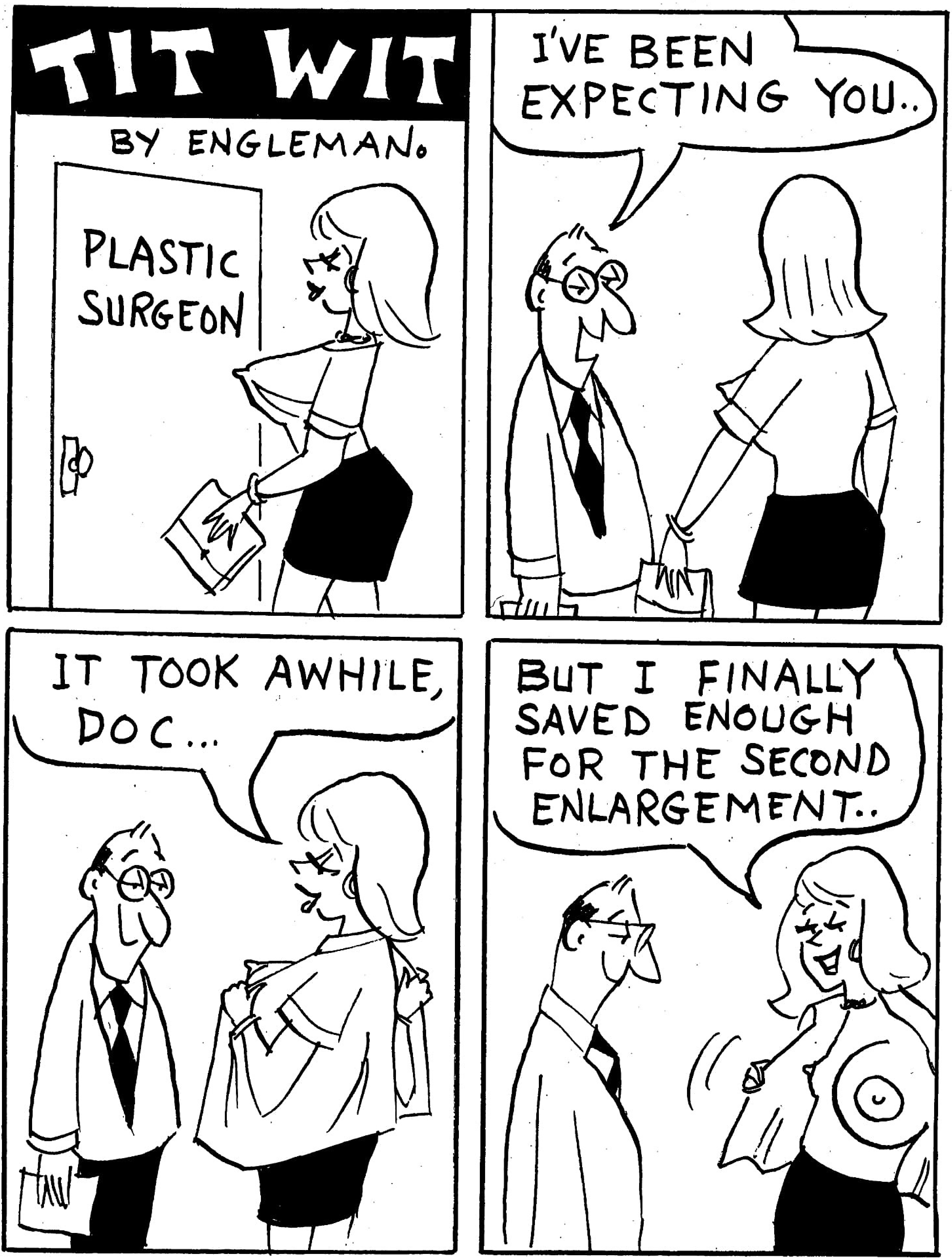
Maybe she'd sensed that. Maybe she'd liked it. After a week, he'd been able to tell that she was attracted to him too. He'd always been leery of dating women from the gym, especially married women. But one day she left the club at the same time he did, and he asked her if she felt like having a cup of coffee with him. She said yes and that had been the start.

For the first few months, they'd spent an awful lot of time fucking. It seemed too good to be true that the most desirable woman he'd ever met would also be so horny, but she was. Sometimes she'd

☞ continued on page 38

Ace EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
Zahn

**"I have an opening for a topless dancer, but you might be overqualified for that."**

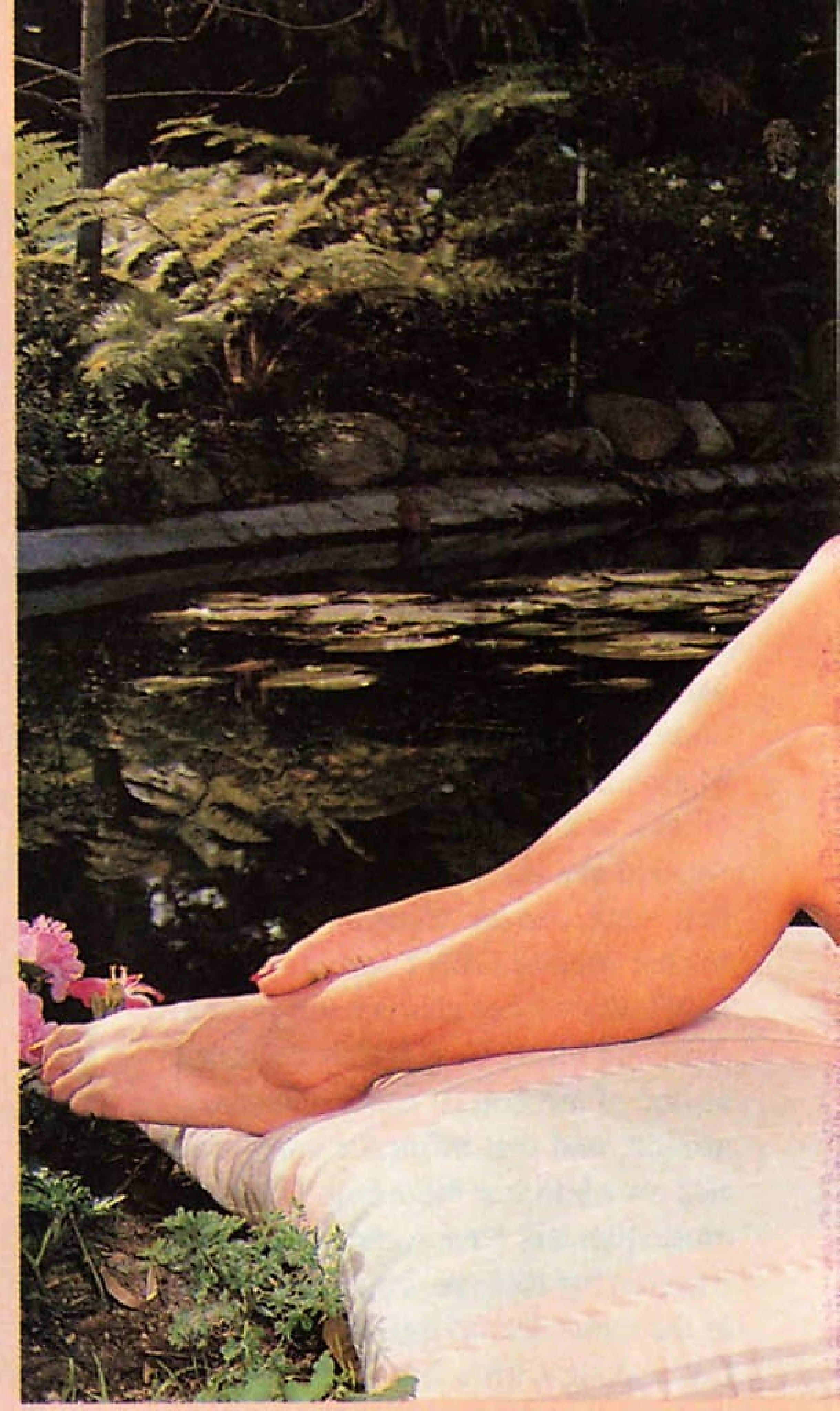

TIT WIT
BY ENGLEMAN
PLASTIC SURGEON
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU..
IT TOOK AWHILE, DOC...
BUT I FINALLY SAVED ENOUGH FOR THE SECOND ENLARGEMENT..

# C.C. MOORE

***One of today's hottest performers on the exotic dance circuit shows us some titillating new moves.***

All you sharp-eyed GENT readers will immediately recognize the killer body and dynamic sex appeal of C.C. Moore, who appeared in the Dec. '89 GENT as Christina Cream. Back then, we said she is known by both names but, while she has changed her name for her second GENT layout, she hasn't altered her charismatic posing style one bit. C.C. is widely regarded as one of the hottest exotic dancers around, and that influence surely carries over into her modeling. Often, exotic dancers have some difficulty transferring their on-stage sex appeal to the camera's unforgiving lens. But C.C., along with a few other notable dancers such as Busty Belle and Beverlee Hills, have not only bridged the gap between dancing and modeling, but they've used exotic dancing as a stepping stone to modeling and acting success. And C.C. wants to be successful in all three areas. As soon as she's done with a modeling shoot, she hits the road to perform her act. Whenever she can get a break from the road, she'll take a video role. When the video is finished, it's either back on the road or off to another modeling shoot. Though the life of an entertainer may appear glamorous, rest assured, it's also a lot of hard work.

# C.C.



# C.C.

**Whether C.C. has an actual cock in her mouth or just a banana symbolizing one, her fellatio talent is pretty obvious.**

As we told you last December, C.C. is renowned for squirting herself with cream during her act (hence her other stage name) and then licking it off. The shot below shows that she's certainly well-equipped to lick any part of her, or anyone else's, body. In fact, if you caught Beverlee Hills' outrageous interview in last month's GENT, you know that C.C.'s tongue is very talented. If you want to catch C.C. and her incredible body (now billed in clubs as having a 55FF bust) on video, check her out in *Big Busty #38,* in which she co-stars with Lacey Pleasure (pages 90-95). See the GENT Video Library on page 96 for details.

## *Exotic dancing keeps C.C. limber enough to strike any and all provocative poses, which she does for us quite willingly.*

Besides having an incredibly talented tongue, C.C. is also a marvelous poser. She has the willingness and the ability to strike every possible tantalizing pose, and in these shots she holds nothing back. Our favorite selections from this group are the spread shot that goes across the page in which she holds open her pussy slit, the shot on the top of the opposite page in which she opens the gates to paradise for us and the shot on the far opposite page in which she tugs violently on her monstrous mams.

# C.C.

## RISK TAKER

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kept her legs locked around his waist and made him keep pounding his cock into her long after he'd come. That had been his favorite position with her: missionary style, with her calves around his waist or draped over his shoulders, and her silky voice whimpering in his ear as her giant milkers jiggled against his chest.

Doggie-style was good too. He liked looking down and watching the sides of her big, white tits shimmy and bounce as he stroked his dick in and out. They'd spent so much time fucking that it had taken him a full three months to ask her anything more about her marriage than when she could get away next. Maybe he should never have asked because that was when she'd begun talking about how much she hated her husband.

"You haven't tried on the gloves and stocking yet," she said suddenly.

He stared at her. Her eyes looked wide, excited.

"We can't take any chances," she said. "None of his money will mean anything to me if you're gone. I can't have you going to prison!"

He looked at her a moment longer, then managed to smile as he reached into his coat pocket. He fit his powerful hands into the black gloves and wriggled the stocking far enough over his head to be sure it would fit. Then he put them both back into his pocket and smiled at her again.

"I guess we're both pretty scared," he said.

"I should hope we would be!"

She giggled nervously. Her tits jiggled, the huge globes of soft, suckable flesh shifting heavily beneath the turtleneck. He stared at the outline of her teats through the sheer cotton. Then he raised his hand and began to fondle her mammaries, feeling the weight of it in his palm.

"Not now, for God's sake!" she hissed.

"Why not? He's not in the kitchen yet. It'll distract us."

"Mike!"

But she didn't sound irritated. He stared at her jugs as he slid his thumb lazily back and forth across her nipple, watching and feeling the teat stiffen through the cotton. She was trying not to smile now. She was horny, he thought. She was as horny as he was, but was just too proper and feminine to want to admit it.

He leaned toward her and put his hands on her slim waist. She didn't resist him. He tucked his fingers under the turtleneck. He moved his hands up until he felt the weight of her D-cup knockers on his fingers. He cradled the enormous, silky smooth globes and began to squeeze and fondle them under the shirt. He felt the fat teats poking onto his palms, and watched his hands move under the turtleneck like a pair of playful puppies.

"You'll stretch my shirt," she said. Her eyes were bright.

"I want to see your pussy."

She reached behind herself and undid the latch that held the driver's seat upright. She pushed the seat all the way back and looked up at him expectantly, submissively, with her shirt pulled up to expose the lower slopes of her naked jugs. Then she obediently unfastened her corduroy slacks and wiggled them down over the tight little fanny. He stared at her triangle of dense, fleecy brown pubic hair, and appreciated the way her creamy legs shone in the moonlight as she dropped her pants on the car floor. She lay flat on the seat and looked up at him, her legs slightly parted, waiting to be fucked.

"I suppose now you're going to want to ravish me," she murmured.

"Yeah."

"All right, Michael."

She pulled the turtleneck up to her neck. Her giant mammaries lolled heavily, nearly reaching her navel. Her nipples were wide and red, and he stared hungrily at the contrast between the crimson circles and the ivory white flesh of her tits. She wiggled her shoulders playfully, making her colossal hooters shimmy and slap together. That was more than he could stand. He leaned forward, filling his hands with the resilient weight of her breastflesh. He squeezed and kneaded as he began to suck, locking his lips around one of her stiff jugs, wetly sucking the rubbery teat between his lips.

She whimpered, mashing her breast on his mouth, grinding her pussy against his leg. He felt the damp, swollen warmth of her womanhood. He slid his hand down her shuddering waist and fondled her pussy.

Her cunt was throbbing. He pushed his finger in gently and began moving it in and out of the slick, snug tunnel while sucking her tits at the same time. Soon she was thrusting feverishly off the seat. She humped her cunt onto his finger, clawed his neck and whimpered that it was time, that she needed him to fuck her hard and deep with his big, beautiful dick.

So he fucked her. It was proof of the perfection of their lust for each other, he thought, that they could have such a feverish fuck in a parked car. After three strokes he didn't care where they were, didn't care that the hand brake was bumping his leg or that he was minutes

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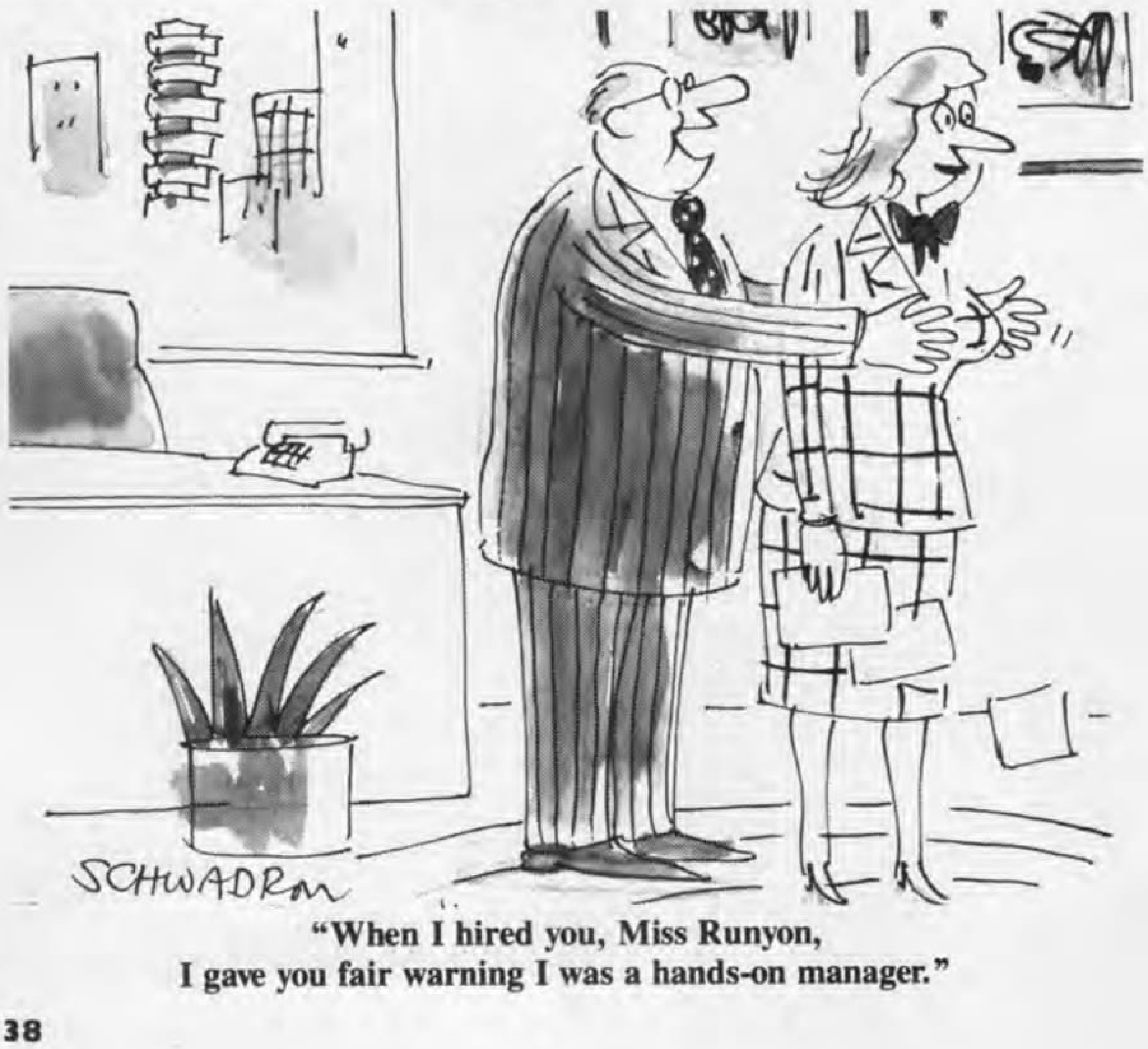

**"When I hired you, Miss Runyon, I gave you fair warning I was a hands-on manager."**

# THE BIG DECISION

*Though vasectomies aren't for everyone, there's still no better way to protect yourself against unwanted pregnancies.*

BY DANIEL H. HOCHSTEIN

**V***asectomy*—just the mention of the word makes some men cringe. Thoughts run rampant about some maniacal doctor on the loose with a scalpel, trying to cut up your balls. But what is it *really* like to have a vasectomy?

Last year I made up my mind to get snipped. My old lady had given me the usual promise about birth control: she was going to take care of it—I shouldn't worry. Right! After years of telling me she didn't want kids, one day, out of the blue, she says, "I'm pregnant, honey." Years of talk about having an abortion if she ever *did* get pregnant turned out to be meaningless. "I just *couldn't* do that! That's *our* baby!" she wailed.

I decided I would never again let myself be in so powerless a position. I immediately made an appointment to see a urologist. He discussed all the alternatives with me, admitting that he wanted to make sure I understood that the operation should be considered irreversible. He wanted me to understand so I wouldn't sue him if I changed my mind later. Hey, I didn't have any problem with that.

I signed a release and made an appointment to meet him at the hospital the following Friday. Vasectomies are usually performed on Friday mornings, allowing the weekend for recuperation. Most men can return to work on the following Monday and feel normal a week later.

The day before the surgery, I began to get nervous about having my balls sliced up. I also became unsure about having the operation in the first place. "Maybe I'm making a mistake," I told myself. My friends said the same thing. "You're crazy!" they said.

"No," I argued right back, "I'm just trying to chicken out on having an operation...I'm afraid of the pain I'm going to have."

The doctor told me I couldn't eat or drink anything after midnight the night before the operation. Naturally, around 20 minutes to midnight, I began gorging myself on anything I could. I'm usually dead tired by 11:00 p.m., but the night before the operation I was very nervous and restless. I knew I wouldn't be getting much sleep that night. My lover kept trying to calm me down, while at the same time telling me "maybe you should wait until you're sure." Her comments made me even more convinced to go ahead.

I woke up at seven on that Friday morning. While I was in the shower, all my thoughts focused on all the internal arguments I'd been having with myself. Finally, I told myself that if I backed out now, I would probably never again get up the nerve to try the surgery. I concluded that I wanted to be in control of whether or not I became a father, *not* to leave it up to a woman to decide my fate for me. I was going through with the vasectomy.

I left the house by myself. There was nothing left to discuss. During the drive to the hospital, I noticed myself thinking many disjointed, unemotional thoughts ...apparently to distract myself from the matter at hand. I observed that I had a nervous, ticklish sensation in the pit of my stomach. I had visions in my (agitated) mind about what the surgery was going to feel and look like. Man, if they only had a male birth control pill...anything would be better than feeling *this* neurotic!

I entered the hospital's reception area at about eight a.m. and gave the nurse the usual information before sitting down with a magazine. There was a TV blaring *"Good Morning America."* The chatter from the TV, plus the fact that the fucking doctor was now late, just added to my nervousness. Ten minutes passed, and he finally showed up. He called for a nurse. She was real cute and had a great body, but I sure as hell wasn't getting turned on. I felt the way a dog must feel when he's being dragged into the gas chamber at the pound.

We all walked to a small operating room, where they had me undress and put on a gown. The room was clean, well lit and well equipped. They had me lie down on the operating table. The doctor proceeded to shave some of my pubic hair and then disinfected the area. Before I knew it, he was ready to administer the local anesthetic. He whipped out this big needle and joked around, squirting it in the air, mad-doctor style.

By this time, I was a quivering mass of jelly, scared shitless by thoughts that the pain I was sure to experience was going to be excruciating (a needle in my balls!!!). I braced myself for the worst as the doctor injected the mixture of lidocaine and some other painkiller into my balls. It hurt, but to my surprise, it was no worse than an injection in my arm or leg. The doctor proclaimed that "the worst is over" and that this was the most pain I would be feeling.

I, of course, thought he was full of shit and refused to believe him. I tensed up even more. He tested my sensitivity by poking my nuts with a sharp instrument, and I felt nothing. Still, I persisted in my fear, actually trembling at the thought of what was to come. I saw him with the scalpel, and soon felt warm fluid I knew to be blood, running down my inner thigh. Yet I felt no pain, just a slight tugging sensation. He electrically cauterized bleeding blood vessels, but I only heard a sizzling sound and felt nothing!

In fact, throughout the cutting of the vas deferens, and even the stitching of the half-inch incisions on either side of my scrotum, I felt no pain at all. I used meditative breathing to try to relax myself, but was unable to let go of my fear throughout the entire procedure. The doctor and nurse did try to calm me down by making jokes, which helped a little. Before I knew it, a half-hour had passed and the doctor was showing me the stitches he had just finished.

By nine a.m., the surgery was over and I didn't feel bad at all. While walking to my car, I noticed I was walking a little strangely (my legs were giving my balls a wide berth), but other than that I felt fine.

The painkiller the doctor had injected was supposed to last four hours, so on my way home, I stopped off at a local drugstore to fill the prescription he had given me. During the drive, I began focusing on the lower part of my body. I began noticing slight twinges of pain or bruising in my upper legs and waist. I wasn't sure whether these sensations were real or imagined. In retrospect, I can say they were imagined because the discomfort that *did* arise later on did not occur in those areas.

By lunch time, I was beginning to feel pretty sore. I popped one of the painkillers and lay back in bed. The soreness felt just like the sensation of having been

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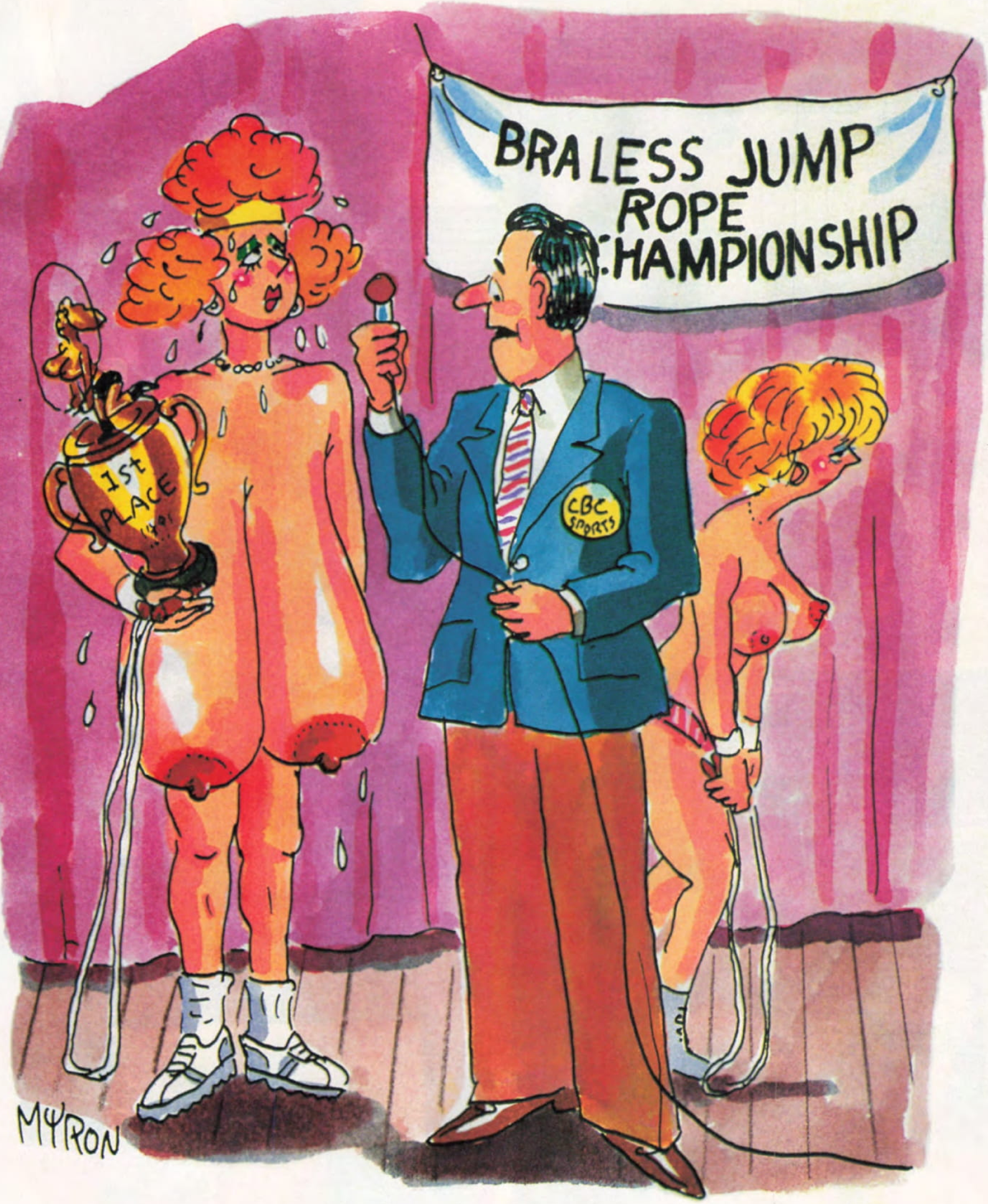
**"I know you have a mind too. It just isn't as big as your tits."**


BRALESS JUMP ROPE CHAMPIONSHIP
1st PLACE
CBC SPORTS
MYRON

**"Great win, Becky! But your fifth consecutive title is really beginning to show on you."**

# W

# HAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MAKES!

***When Mishka debuted last month, we knew she had star potential. This month, she fulfills it.***

Last month, we introduced you to Svobodna, a pretty, young D-cupper who we said had "a great deal of star potential." Svobodna had just emigrated to the United States from recently liberated Czechoslovakia, but wasn't sure if she was going to stay here. Well, once our editors got a look at her, they convinced her modeling was where her future lay. She was soon in Lance Kincaid's California studio with a new name (Mishka), new look and new career.

**_Mishka's metamorphosis from shy novice to glamorous vixen is testament to the miracle of modern-day makeup. One wonders how many other D-cuppers are a makeover away from stardom._**

As Mishka has found out during her stay in the United States, when you have tits as big as hers, you simply can't hide. With measurements of 44DD-28-38 on her impressive 5'8" 150-pound figure, this 22-year-old has come a very long way in a remarkably short period of time. While her first layout, as rough as it was, portended good things to come, her second appearance, a scant one month later, as both centerfold and covergirl, proves our initial hunch about her was correct. Mishka is the classic example of an inexperienced model who benefits greatly from a little professional direction. Shot by frequent GENT contributing photographer Lance Kincaid, Mishka's natural beauty really shines through. Also apparent in these shots is how much Mishka is enjoying posing for the camera. Whether she's spreading her legs and sensuously exploring her meaty lovehole (above right) or vigorously massaging her oversized areolae, Mishka radiates the kind of exuberance that can only be found in one who loves to model.

Although men's magazines like GENT don't exist in Czechoslovakia, it didn't take long for Mishka to figure out what they're all about. Nor did she need much time to learn how to pose provocatively. But let's face it—some things, like Mishka's universal appeal, need no translation. Mishka's looks would make her attractive in any culture but, while makeup and flattering lighting improved her features, it's still her humongous hooters that are her claim to fame. Whether we view them straight on (below and right) or slightly in profile (left), they never fail to leave us gasping for breath. Huge mountains of pliant mammary flesh have that effect on us.

SWEAT

***Women and men are more similar than you may think. If you have any doubts about this, consider for a moment that there are many women who can ejaculate when they come.***

# Squirters

### BY ANNIE MILLS

**A** few years ago, when the G-spot suddenly became a topic of public discussion, I was only mildy interested. Despite all the publicity surrounding G-spot orgasm, I wasn't sure if I even believed it existed. The idea of women ejaculating like men sounded like some sort of lesbian fantasy, and I assumed that what was being described as a G-spot orgasm was simply a regular orgasm that involved the involuntary release of urine.

As a matter of fact, when I'm fucking myself with a dildo, I occasionally have the not-so-pleasant feeling that I'm about to lose control, and pee all over the bed. And since my name isn't Annie Sprinkle, the idea of tinkling in my hand every time I masturbate doesn't appeal to me. Given that—and given the fact that I can already come in all kinds of ways—I was never really motivated to see if I could ejaculate during orgasm.

But my skepticism and disinterest changed instantly when I saw my first video featuring a lovely young brunette named Fallon. The title of the film was *Dreams,* and I rented it because it also starred Laurel Canyon in her pre-silicone days.

When I watched the tape, the first thing that made me pay attention was a fuck scene featuring Fallon. But when Fallon started coming, I got even more excited, because unless my eyes were deceiving me, she was ejaculating a flood of female juice. I couldn't be *quite* certain of what I was seeing, though, since the poor girl was completely cock-stuffed and she was already soaking wet anyway.

But then another scene rolled around, and this time there wasn't any doubt at all. While Tiffany Storm spread Fallon's legs for the camera, Fallon started masturbating. I've seen scores of girls playing with themselves, and aside from the fact that Fallon had a curiously intense expression on her face, she didn't look much different than any other girl fingering herself.

But in short order, Fallon proved she's not just another girl. All at once, her belly convulsed, and as she squealed with delight, she shot out her feminine cum as forcefully as Peter North shoots *his* cum. By the time Fallon stopped squirting, she'd literally drenched the bed.

Watching all this, I was so turned on I could hardly breathe. Not only had Fallon ejaculated, she'd spurted more fluid than most men. And to add insult to injury, the greedy little sex kitten brought herself off a second time, and once again sprayed a flood of female juice.

Now, I've been around the porn business for awhile, and I thought I'd seen damn near everything under the sun. I've watched Keli Richards stuff Rambone's monstrous 15-inch meatpole up her hole. I've seen Amber Lynn bathed in sweat as she struggled to get two fat erections into her pink slit at the same time. I've seen she-males fuck women, women fuck she-males, and Viper fuck *anything.* But I've never—and I mean *never*—seen a porn performer with the abilities of this extraordinary young woman.

I wasn't just impressed, either. I was absolutely inspired. Now that I'd actually seen a girl come like a man, I was dying to find out what

ILLUSTRATION BY OTIS SWEAT

it felt like to ejaculate. Over the next few weeks, I read everything I could concerning the G-spot. And what I discovered really surprised me.

For instance, I'd always assumed that if a G-spot orgasm really were possible, a girl would shoot honey out of her cunt when her pussy spasmed. Actually, though, she shoots out of the opening of her urethra (her pee-hole).

I was also surprised to learn that the fluid a girl squirts is still a bit of a mystery. It isn't urine, and it's not the same sort of sticky honey that lubricates our pussies. Basically, it's a colorless, odorless liquid that seems to be formed in a cluster of small glands inside the urethra. Taken together, these tiny glands comprise the female prostate. When a girl has a G-spot orgasm, her prostate suddenly contracts, expelling mystery juice from her pee-hole.

How much juice? Well, depending on how hot she is, she may shoot anywhere from a teaspoonful to as much as a cup! I know that sounds unbelievable (a *cup,* for heaven's sake?), and I don't think I would've believed it, either—except for the fact that I'd already seen Fallon squirt enough juice to put out a good-sized campfire.

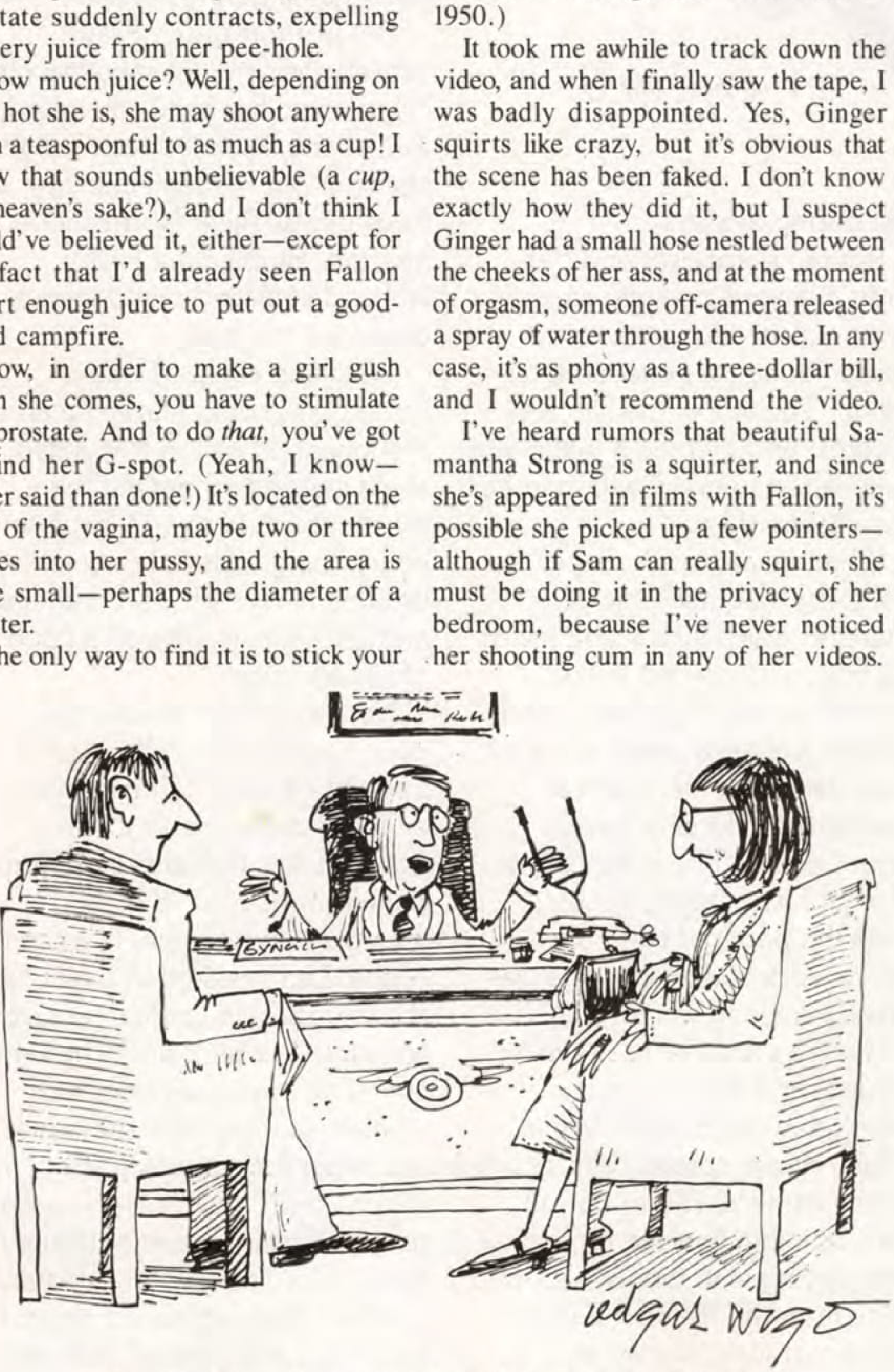
Now, in order to make a girl gush when she comes, you have to stimulate her prostate. And to do *that,* you've got to find her G-spot. (Yeah, I know—easier said than done!) It's located on the roof of the vagina, maybe two or three inches into her pussy, and the area is quite small—perhaps the diameter of a quarter.

The only way to find it is to stick your fingers inside her pussy and probe around. You'll know you've hit pay dirt when your girl begins to feel like she's about to pee. If you keep massaging this area with your fingertips, the feeling that she has to urinate will subside, and transform into erotic pleasure. And with a little luck, in just another minute or two, you'll wind up with a handful of feminine cum!

After I'd seen *Dreams,* the Fallon film that turned me into a G-spot fanatic, I went back to my video catalogue to see if I could find other films that featured squirting women. The title that immediately caught my eye was *The Grafenberg Spot,* starring Ginger Lynn. (By the way, the G-spot is named after Dr. Grafenberg, the man who first described this erogenous zone back in 1950.)

It took me awhile to track down the video, and when I finally saw the tape, I was badly disappointed. Yes, Ginger squirts like crazy, but it's obvious that the scene has been faked. I don't know exactly how they did it, but I suspect Ginger had a small hose nestled between the cheeks of her ass, and at the moment of orgasm, someone off-camera released a spray of water through the hose. In any case, it's as phony as a three-dollar bill, and I wouldn't recommend the video.

I've heard rumors that beautiful Samantha Strong is a squirter, and since she's appeared in films with Fallon, it's possible she picked up a few pointers—although if Sam can really squirt, she must be doing it in the privacy of her bedroom, because I've never noticed her shooting cum in any of her videos.



**"Genetics play a large part in it. For example, if your parents didn't have any children, you won't either."**

However, I know for a fact that Candy Samples can ejaculate when she comes. She admitted in an interview that she once had a powerful G-spot orgasm on the set of a porn film. As it happened, two men were sucking on her huge tits, and a woman was down between her legs, fingering Candy's gaping cunt. To quote Candy: "I shot cum fluid like a man climaxing. The lady that received my gusher directly on her face was rather shocked, I guess, because she refused to work with me again."

I also talked to a 44-year-old New York stripper named Loni Myers, who wrote an article for GENT ("The Sex Appeal of Older Women," March, 1989.). According to Loni: "I use a dildo in my act, and if I really get carried away, I sometimes have a wet orgasm." Loni told me that she learned to squirt after her divorce a few years ago. "That's when I started masturbating with dildos and vibrators," she said. "Until then, I didn't realize I could shoot spunk the way a guy does..."

There's also a lesbian stripper named Fanne Fatale who's supposedly able to spew torrents of feminine juice when she fingers herself. She's appeared in a lezzie film called *Clips,* and allegedly gushes profusely during a masturbation scene. I haven't seen the film, though, so I can't comment on Fanne's ability.

On the other hand, I *can* testify to Fallon's remarkable talent. She gushes buckets of cum in a number of films, including *Loose Ends IV,* where she shoots her load at an all-girl pajama party, and *Slumber Party Reunion,* where she oozes G-spot juice during a wild fuck scene, and then pours out another load in the middle of an orgy.

*The Misadventures Of The Bang Gang* (which also stars Samantha Strong, by the way) features one of Fallon's wildest ejaculations. In this vid, she has a torrid dyke scene with Laurel Canyon, and then floods the film set with her feminine spunk. And if I'm not mistaken, she also squirts in *Caught From Behind 8,* when Marc Wallace sinks his cock in her puckered hole.

Given Fallon's truly unique abilities, it's hard to understand why she isn't one of the superstars of porn. If she were dog-ugly, then it might be understandable. But in point of fact, she's very easy on the eyes, and she's exceedingly feminine, with soft, medium-sized breasts topped off with large brown areolae.

She also shows more heat and boldness than most other women in hardcore. And she's by no means a one-trick

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# Kiss Me Once

***Nina, a young model from England is a plump cutie with a pair of kissable 38 double-D's.***

Another newcomer this month, Nina, has a natural appeal. Her prettiness hasn't been dramatically glamorized by a make-up artist or hair stylist. Some basic props, such as jewelry and lingerie have been added. Otherwise, Nina's appearance is that of the "girl next-door," that special kind of girl that a guy might actually imagine meeting and then, just maybe, getting into the sack.

***Fore and aft, from top to bottom, Nina has a plump prettiness and charm that makes you want to know her better. But while she's more than willing to expose herself for the camera, she's still a bit shy.***

Just 19-years-old, 5′5″ tall and 136 pounds, Nina is a borderline plumper with good, solid flesh tone and just a hint of sag. Her breasts are so large that they hang heavily on her chest, spreading to the sides as she leans back, creating a wide valley between them. Despite a bit of nervousness manifested by girlish giggling and blushing, Nina obligingly posed to show off her wide, womanly ass and then spread her meaty labia for a close-up view of her feminine core. Her plump breasts sport very large, pale areolae the size of tea saucers, cherry-sized nipples and a network of tiny veins, the kind of tits that deserve a lot of attention during lovemaking. How sensitive are Nina's breasts? "Kiss me once, on my breasts, and you'll see how quickly I become aroused," Nina said. And then, with a bit of urging, she planted a lipstick laden kiss on her own left breast, just to tease us.

## SQUIRTERS

☞ continued from page 52

pony. Besides being able to gush on command, she's a masterful cocksucker and squeals shamelessly when she's squirting her spunk. In other words: what the hell does a girl have to do nowadays to become a star?

To an extent, I suppose Fallon's lack of recognition is partly her own fault, since she's worked under so many different names (Robin Lee and Lori Peacock, for example). But I think the real problem lies with her producers, who often don't seem to appreciate what a remarkable performer she is. In a lot of her films, Fallon's ability to shoot off like a man isn't featured front and center—and in some cases, she's not even called upon to squirt at all.

To me, this is like putting Christy Canyon in a film, and then not asking her to take off her brassiere. If I were in Fallon's shoes—or maybe I should say, *her panties*—I'd insist on spouting like Old Faithful in every video. And hell, if I were directing Fallon, I wouldn't mess around. I'd simply put a camera between her legs, and then let her shoot her cum all over the lens.

But, I'm not in Fallon's shoes, or her panties (sigh), and I'm not a film director, either, so I can only hope the boneheads out in Hollywood wake up and allow this girl to do what she does best—and that is to *squirt!*

Once I had a clear understanding of how G-spot orgasm occurs, I set to work to see if I could make myself ejaculate like Fallon. Finding my G-spot was no problem. In fact, I'd accidentally found it many times in the past. As I said, sometimes when I fuck myself with a dildo, I feel like I'm about to pee, which means I've inadvertently been stimulating my G-spot.

But even though I had no trouble locating my pressure point, I still wasn't able to make myself shoot any cum when I masturbated—not even a few droplets, let alone the flood that Fallon releases. After fingering my pussy a few times, without success, I finally went to an erotic shop and bought a G-spot vibrator. (In case you've never seen one, they're curved at the tip, so you can maneuver the head of the tool against the top of your vagina.)

Normally, I don't much like vibrators in my cunt. I find the buzzing noise distracting, and the sensation of a vibrator humming away inside your snatch isn't anything like a real cock (not unless you're fucking a guy with an electronic dick). But this time I turned on the curved tool and slipped it into my twat, then gently probed around until I felt the head throbbing against my sensitive G-spot.

I was on my back, knees drawn up to my chest and eyes tightly closed. While I held the vibrator firmly in place, I kept visualizing the way Fallon had doused her bed with female cum. Now and then, I pictured a man pumping his hard-on and then shooting a stream of semen into the air. And while I was trying to imagine what it must feel like to ejaculate, I suddenly realized that I was on the verge of my first G-spot orgasm.

Usually, I feel orgasms in my clit, pussy, and belly, with the pleasure moving inward—and the more aroused I am, the deeper the pleasure sinks into me. But now, with my womb beginning to melt down, I was also aware of pleasure moving *outward*. I had a hot, pulsating sensation in my pee-hole, and then suddenly I convulsed and shot my load—just like a man!

I didn't gush as profusely as Fallon, of course—just a few droplets of spunk splashing against my hand and dribbling down my thighs. But I was as proud and happy as a young boy must be the first time he manages to spray some semen out of his cock. Ejaculating like that was an incredible turn-on for me, emotionally as well as physically. And within just a few weeks, I was able to squirt almost every time I tried for a G-spot orgasm.

The more I practiced, the more cum I was able to shoot. I discovered that if I hold off my orgasm for as long as possible, the amount of juice I release is much greater, and it flies out with much more force. Clamping down with my cunt muscles also seems to pump more cum out of my tinkle-slit.

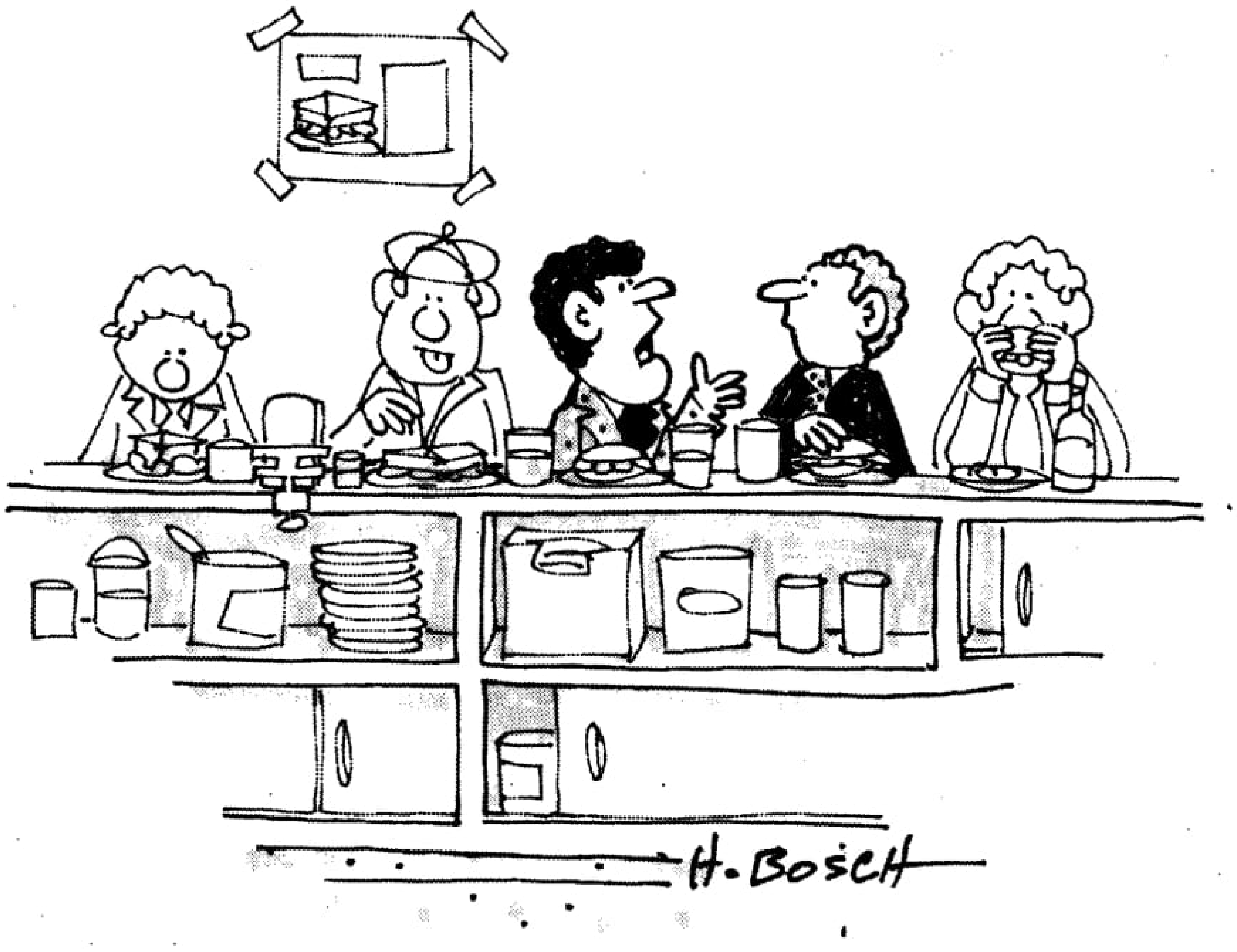
The ability to shoot off like a man has given me a real sense of sexual power. Like any other experienced woman, I've grown used to receiving cum shots from men—not just in my pussy, but on my boobs and belly. Believe me, being able to turn the tables and drench a man is tremendously exciting.

About a month ago, for instance, a man I'd just started dating was going down on me, and I surprised him by ejaculating in his face. While he licked my clitty, I told him to stick two fingers into my pussy, and then directed him—"A little higher—*there*!"—until his fingertips were pressed against my G-spot. I guess I should've warned him what to expect, but so many guys have splattered *me* without warning that just this once, I couldn't resist.

Anyway, when I started coming, I shocked the hell out of him by forcefully emitting a stream of fluid from my urethra. As he spluttered and wiped off his face, I smiled and said, "Don't worry, it's not pee."

"What the hell is it, then?" he asked.

"It's cum," I laughed. "*Female* cum!" ◆



**"What a day! The market went down, the price of gold went down and my wife went down on my best friend."**

# Ectoplasmic Orgasms

BY ROBERT E. McLEOD

"Haunted? Oh, bullshit!"

Angela marched into the modern living room, her heavy breasts flouncing in her T-shirt with every emphatic step. She was a beautiful girl—tall, blonde, and stacked. The old grizzled caretaker stood in the doorway behind her, still holding her luggage. He watched the cheeks of her ass roll from side to side as she walked through the house, and the sight made his eyes glaze.

"Well, that's what they say about the place, anyway," he told her. "That's why the rent's so cheap."

He remained in the doorway, leering at her as she strode past the dozens of crates and cartons the movers had left the day before. "Okay," she said,

***When the girls were told their new house was haunted, they had no idea how lucky they were.***

ILLUSTRATION BY OTIS SWEAT

looking around the room. "So where's the ghost, then?"

"He's around," the old man said, still gazing raptly at her juicy ass. "You'll find him soon, I'll betcha—or, I should say, he'll find you."

"Oh, yeah? What'll it do—jump out of a closet and yell 'Boo'?"

He gave her a wet, toothless grin. "No, this ghost's different. He's what you might call a bachelor ghost. He likes to get the women in the house alone and...do things to 'em."

He smirked as he watched her eyes widen with surprise. "Do things to them?" she repeated. "What are you saying—you mean the ghost fucks them?"

It was her turn to watch his eyes widen with surprise, and his mouth gaped open, speechless. At that moment, Angela's roommate Katherine entered the room. She was almost the exact opposite of Angela—short, dark, solidly built, but not fat, and with breasts even larger than her friend's. She stepped past the old caretaker and his eyes widened even further at the sight of her giant jugs. They were great, fleshy pontoons and they jiggled invitingly as she walked by him. He gulped audibly.

"Hey, Katherine," Angela called to her, "guess what? I've just been told that our new house is haunted by a sex fiend."

"Sounds like a winner," her roommate replied, smiling lasciviously. "A house that comes with its own stud service!"

Angela picked up the two suitcases the caretaker had left by the front door and carried them into her own bedroom. Her bed had been placed in the room by the movers, and she threw the bags on top of the bed. The girls' two bedrooms were separated by the bathroom, which opened directly into each room. From behind the closed door, she could hear the water running for Katherine's shower. She bent over the edge of the bed to unlock one of the suitcases when suddenly she felt two strong hands grab her breasts and begin vigorously massaging them through her shirt. Simultaneously, she felt the unmistakable hardness of a huge 10-inch cock rubbing rhythmically up and down the crack of her ass.

"Hello?" she said, weakly, her breasts tingling and their nipples erect from their unexpected rubdown. "Who's here?"

As a reply, she felt a hand close around one breast, more caressingly this time. She looked down at it, and while she could see her own tit shift inside her shirt, she was still unable to see the hand that was wrapped around it.

Then, without warning, she felt the two hands on her shoulders, pushing her backwards. Caught unaware by the sudden move, she sprawled on her back across the bed. She could feel the presence of her unseen visitor very close to her, looming over her supine figure.

**"Honey, how badly do you want that new fur coat?"**

"Y-you're not going to hurt me, are you?" she asked in a thin voice. She lay on the bed, waiting for an answer and trying not to panic. Then, slowly, a face begin to materialize in front of her. It was a strong, handsome face, and it was smiling gently at her, a bedroom smile, the look of a man with sex foremost on his mind.

Angela found herself unconsciously spreading her legs, rubbing her free hand over her wet cunt. A few seconds later, she felt her hand being removed and replaced by one of the phantom's. Its fingers were skilled and knowing, probing her sticky quim until she was grinding her hips against them, moaning.

Her own hands flailed wildly in the air as she tried to locate the throbbing hard-on she had been hoping for earlier. The ghost had climbed in bed with her, curled up beside her, and finger-fucked her with one hand while playing with her tits with the other. She ran her hand down the side of his body until she found his crotch. She then wrapped her fingers around his erect cock—it felt enormous and hard. She stroked it vigorously and whispered, "Come on, Spooky, stick that big invisible dick in me—now!"

She felt him climb on top of her and could even feel his hot breath on her face. Then, slowly, she felt the hard thickness of his cock slide into her juicy snatch until it was in all the way, stretching her pussy to the absolute limit.

"Oh, Jesus!" she cried. "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

The enormous dick moved in and out of her slippery box, pumping hard. Angela thrust her hips against it and whimpered with delight. She was on her fourth orgasm when the adjoining door to the bathroom opened and Katherine walked in, a towel draped tightly over her ample figure. She took a step into the room and halted abruptly, staring in horror at her roommate who was lying on the bed, gyrating her hips madly in the air.

"Angela!" she cried. "What's happening? What's the matter?"

Angela kept rocking her hips frenziedly in the air. She looked over at Katherine and gasped, "I...think I...found our...ghost!"

Katherine covered her mouth with a trembling hand and whispered, "My God! Angela, it—it almost looks like it's fucking you!"

"It...is!" Angela shouted as she climaxed again.

"Oh, no!" Katherine gasped, her eyes

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# B IS FOR BETTY

And "B" is also for blonde, buxom, beautiful and, in the case of Betty, a pair of the most intriguing and sexy "bullet" shaped nipples we've ever seen. They look as if they were in a high state of arousal. This cute 20-year-old, who is 5'6," measures 38-26-36 and weighs 125 pounds is the fifth new model in this issue as well as one of five blondes. We don't remember when we've had so many newcomers to our GENT family of beautiful girls but we love 'em all.

## *The debate continues as to whether a model is more appealing wearing sexy, "Fredericks of Hollywood" type lingerie, or everyday undies instead.*

We're sure to hear from some readers, questioning why Betty is wearing a corset, disguising what is obviously a slender waist. There's an on-going debate in "The Mail Slot" about the merits of sexy lingerie versus simple undergarments. In this case, the photographer says that he simply finds sheer, lacy-type lingerie very sexy and feels that it adds class *and* a splash of bright color to the layout.

## Betty certainly knows how to strike an inviting

## pose that makes a viewer feel welcome.

For those who prefer more casual garments, Roberta Smallwood (pp. 67-73) and our covergirl and centerfold, Mishka (pp. 42-49) are wearing everyday bras and panties. We agree that Betty's red lingerie looks very sexy even though she certainly doesn't need a "gimmick." In this day of silicone enhancement, which many women are using to achieve larger firmer tits, it's nice to see a model who has a perfect pair of beauties that are all natural. Plus, her long, firm nipples, standing out like two .45 slugs, give an added erotic dimension to her photos. We'd guess that her nipples are especially sensitive and that a bit of "attention" helped them become erect.

## ECTOPLASMIC ORGASMS

☞ continued from page 60

wide. "Wh-wh-what should I do?"

Angela's body collapsed on the bed. She said, breathlessly, "You should probably hop in—this phantom can really fuck!"

Katherine's eyes widened even more. "Are you sure?"

"Oh, honey, am I ever!" Angela purred, propping herself up on one elbow at the edge of the bed.

With trembling hands, Katherine undid the towel around her body and dropped it to the floor. While there was never any doubt as to the abundance of her figure, Katherine was one of those girls whose bodies seemed to bloom once her clothing was removed. Her massive tits were capped with huge red nipples. Pale stretch lines seemed to glow in the dim light. Her breasts sagged slightly, but they still looked spectacular.

Katherine stood in front of the bed, looking down at Angela, trying with little success to cover her huge melons by folding her arms across her chest. "All right," she said with a nervous shudder, "so where is he?"

Angela reached lazily beside her and began making a stroking motion with her hand. To Katherine, it looked like she was cupping her hand around thin air. "He's right here," she said with a lascivious grin. "Have a taste."

Angela moved to one side to allow Katherine to join her on the bed. Her hand was still wrapped around ...something. Katherine gave Angela a quick glance that said, "I hope you know what we're doing," and sat down on the bed. With her free hand, Angela took one of Katherine's and guided it to where Angela's other hand was busy stroking the air. She replaced her own hand with Katherine's, then watched with amusement as Katherine jumped back with a yelp, reacting as though she had been just touched with a live wire.

"Damn!" she yelled. "It felt like I had a cock in my hand!"

"Pretty big one, too, wasn't it?" Angela replied, laughing.

"But there's nothing there!" Katherine wailed.

"Oh, no?" Angela teased. "Reach out and touch it again." She guided Katherine's hesitant hand once more and set it over the invisible hard-on. The same astonished look crossed Katherine's face, but this time she kept her hand in place, imitating Angela's stroking motion. She kept rubbing her hand up and down over the phantom cock. Her eyes were wide with amazement, and Angela noticed that her large pink nipples were already starting to harden. "This is incredible!" she said to Angela.

"Yep," Angela replied with a smile. "Pretty hard to believe, huh?"

Katherine's grip on the ghostly boner tightened. She said, "It is hard—probably the hardest hard-on I've ever seen...er, felt. But—is this it?"

"What do you mean?" Angela asked.

"I mean—doesn't it do anything?"

As if in answer to her question, Katherine's body jerked violently, and only partially from surprise. A warm, wet tongue had begun licking her damp pussy, flicking her clitoris rapidly and expertly.

"Shit!" she gasped, as Angela watched on, chuckling. "It's eating me! I'm being eaten out by a ghost!" The tongue kept up its lapping for another few seconds and Katherine fell back on the bed, thrashing and moaning. Then the tongue-lashing stopped suddenly, and before Katherine could react, her gigantic tits were slammed together by unseen hands. A second later, she felt the whopping boner she'd been stroking moments before begin ramming itself back and forth between the deep cleft of her jugs.

The going was somewhat dry at first, so the ghost halted temporarily to place the head of his hard-on between Katherine's juicy lips. She understood immediately, and began slurping and sucking on it, giving it a thick coating of saliva for lubrication. Then the big dick commenced its thrusting between her hefty hangers once more, spectral hands digging into their soft, pliant flesh, pushing them together fiercely.

"Ooooo-fuck!" she squealed. Her jumbo jugs were slick with lubricant and sweat. The thrusting between her tits increased to a frantic pumping and suddenly Katherine felt the impact of invisible jets of dry, ectoplasmic cum splattering against her face. "Aaahhhh!" she groaned again, and collapsed in a heap, exhausted from the mighty tit-fucking she had just received.

Angela's cries of pleasure brought Katherine back to a semblance of consciousness. Katherine looked dreamily over at her roommate, who was heaving her crotch around in the air and furiously clutching her own breasts. "Is—is it still here?" Katherine asked.

Between gasps and shrieks, Angela replied, "Oh yes! It's eating me out now! But there's a big, fat hard-on behind me that nobody's using—hop on!"

Katherine crawled across the bed un-

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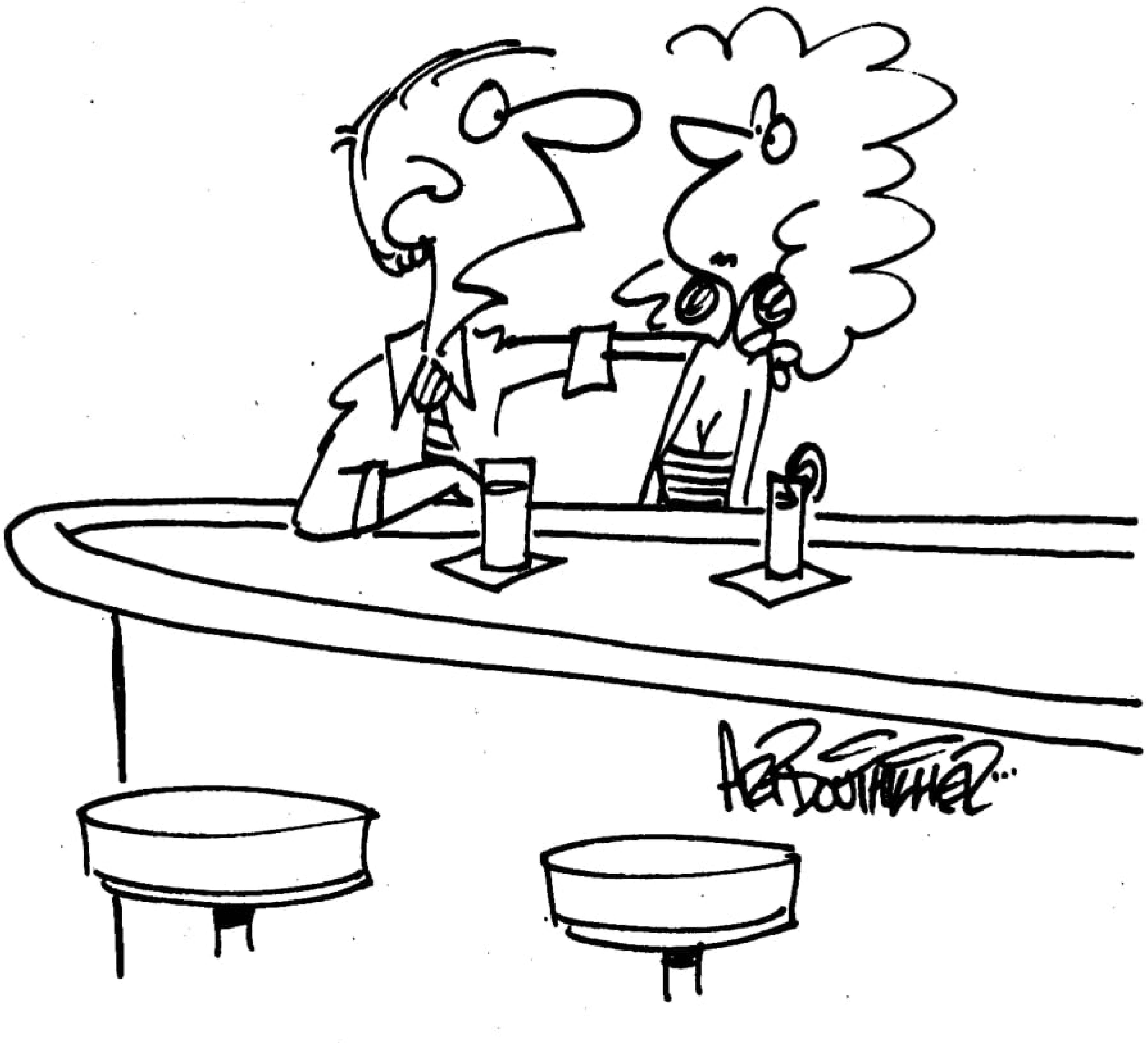

"Sure, I'm married, but I'm not a fanatic about it."

# Executive Sweet

***The ink had barely dried on her August "Candidly Yours" layout when we caught up with Roberta Smallwood, a cosmetics representative, as she returned from a long day of meetings.***

**Boy, what a difference a month makes. Last month Roberta was so impressive in her "Candidly Yours" appearance, we didn't even wait for your mail—we immediately dispatched James Hamilton to photograph her for a feature layout. As luck would have it, Roberta, a busy cosmetics executive, was scheduled to make a business trip, but she graciously agreed to let our photographer tag along as she unwinds after a long day of meetings.**

After an exhausting day of wrangling with reluctant clients, Roberta likes nothing better than to strip off her business clothes and change into something a little more comfortable. When you've got the kind of mountainous jugs Roberta has (she measures 54-36-40 on a 5′9½,″ 170-pound body), bras and business suits can be rather restricting. When she finally releases her pontoons, all her cares and worries are forgotten for the moment and the fun can begin.

***If you've ever wondered what a voluptuous female executive looked like stripped, now you know. If she were your boss, would you mind putting in overtime?***

Now that her meetings are over, Roberta can relax and unwind. As anyone in a high-pressure business knows, all of the day's pent-up energy has to be funneled somewhere. Some people choose dancing, others racquetball or some other kind of exercise, and then there are those like Roberta who choose more sensual means to work out their frustrations. Frankly, we enjoy viewing Roberta's method best. It isn't often you get to see a female executive (this chick could be your boss, guys!) let down her guard and show the feminine side that lurks underneath her tough exterior. This lady is a fantasy come to life for all lovers of Rubenesque women, and even if you're not partial to plumpers, there's no denying those hangers (left) deserve a place in history.

As you all know, we've been in the big-tit biz for a long, long time but we've never—we mean *never*—seen a model do with her mams what Roberta does with them in the shot to the right. As one of our senior editors remarked to a younger staff member, "I waited 20 years to see that pose." Let's hope we all see it again soon.

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## ECTOPLASMIC ORGASMS

☞ continued from page 66

til she was in back of Angela's bouncing body. Her searching hands quickly found the erect object of her desire and she climbed on top of it, guiding it into her slick, hairy pussy. It slipped inside her ready snatch to the hilt; she screamed in ecstasy.

Without missing a single lick from the phantom tongue underneath her, Angela turned around so that she was facing Katherine, who was furiously pumping her body up and down, riding the great prick deep inside her. Angela leaned over and started running her hands over Katherine's stupendous boobs, kneading and hefting them lustily. She leaned over even farther until she could reach them with her lips. Then she began gnawing and sucking on the fleshy globes until Katherine was screaming with pleasure.

Suddenly, both girls fell to the mattress. They looked confused and disappointed because the invisible body underneath them had disappeared. A split second later, Angela realized that he was only changing positions. She felt the head off his cock press against her and moaned as it forced its way inside. "Oh, my god! He's fucking me doggie-style. It feels incredible." She began jerking back and forth as the specter began jamming his ghostly cock in and out.

Katherine gasped and started rubbing her clit feverishly. "I can't wait to try that next." Angela saw what Katherine was doing and leaned over. She pushed her roommate's hand away and started licking Angela's clit. Katherine groaned and wrapped her hands around Angela's head. A massive orgasm flowed over her body and she collapsed on the bed.

A split second later, ghostly hands grabbed Angela's tits and pulled her hard back against the ramming cock. Angela flared into another orgasm as she felt a warm liquid rush fill her. Then, the hands released her and she fell to the bed. The girls felt something kiss them.

Katherine stretched her body like a contented cat and said, drowsily, "God, why couldn't I have been haunted years ago?"

Angela, sounding equally satiated, observed, "You know, I think I've figured out the best thing about fucking a ghost."

"What's that?" Katherine asked.

"They don't leave a wet spot afterwards," Angela giggled. The two girls felt the empty air between them shake with laughter. G

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## RISK TAKER

☞ continued from page 38

away from committing murder. All he knew was that her legs were locked around his waist again, that she was pumping madly beneath him and that her wet, warm pussy felt so incredibly good around his cock.

He fucked her like an animal, oblivious to everything except the stiff throbbing of his driving cock and her hot squeals and gasps of pleasure into his ear. He felt as if he were dreaming when he came, spewing his insides out into her, drenching her hungry cunt with his seed.

When he regained his senses, he looked over the dash. The drapes in the kitchen window, he now saw, were yellow. The light had come on behind them.

"Oh, Michael." She'd seen the light too. "Michael, I'm scared."

But he wasn't scared anymore. He kissed her once more, passionately, then was out of the car, still pulling up his clothes as he moved quickly up the driveway. Everything was all right now. Killing Theodore Bronson didn't bother him anymore. He'd do absolutely anything for her.

Up close, the house appeared even bigger than it had from a distance. The kitchen was in the west wing, adacent to a garden. The gate to the garden was right where she'd told him it would be.

He undid the latch silently and left the gate open behind him as he made his way down the narrow path that lead to the kitchen. He could hear his heart beating now. He moved quickly along the path, crouching to keep his head and shoulders below the tops of the rose bushes beside him. It would be over soon, he told himself. Theodore Bronson was skinny, out of shape, unathletic. Mike could bench press 400 pounds. It wouldn't be any harder than snapping the neck of a chicken.

A window in the kitchen door showed him shelves stacked with canned goods in a dark pantry. The light came from the right, from the interior door that Mike couldn't see, that led to the kitchen where Theodore Bronson was eating his last meal. Mike heard a chair scrape on the kitchen floor. His pulse raced wildly.

Mike tested the knob. It turned freely. He took a deep breath, he put on his gloves and wriggled the stocking over his hair and down to his neck. He turned the knob again, then he lunged in, almost running.

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It was a big, clean, rich man's kitchen, all sparkling chrome, glass and varnished hardwood. A long butcher block counter and a big refrigerator stood straight across from him. He saw it in a blur, as a bull charging a matador might see the wood sides of a ring.

In front of the refrigerator, against the wall, was a broad table. A man in a bathrobe sat at the table. The man was getting up, startled, his mouth hanging open. The man was turning to face him, and by then Mike already had his hands on him, had his powerful fingers on Theodore Bronson's neck.

"What?!" Bronson sputtered. "What..."

"Too bad you don't have one of your guns, you fucker!"

"I don't have any guns!"

Mike punched him in the throat. Bronson made a gurgling sound as he fell to the floor. He looked older than he was supposed to, Mike realized. He looked closer to 55, rather than 35, and appeared much older and spindlier than Mike figured he would. But the perception was sublimated almost as soon as it had occurred. Mike knew he wasn't there for thinking.

"My daughter," Bronson gurgled. "She has..."

Mike punched him in the throat again. Bronson stopped talking. Mike got behind him and put his forearm around Bronson's neck, then he held his wrist with the other hand and pulled in. It didn't take very long. Bronson struggled for a moment, but then he stopped. Mike could almost feel himself thinking again as he crouched in the great silent kitchen and choked the last embers of life from Bronson's body.

"You did a good deed," Donna said.

Mike jerked his head toward the pantry. Donna was standing there. She stood in the doorway, shadowed in the darkness. She was staring at him on the floor with Theodore Bronson. She looked calm.

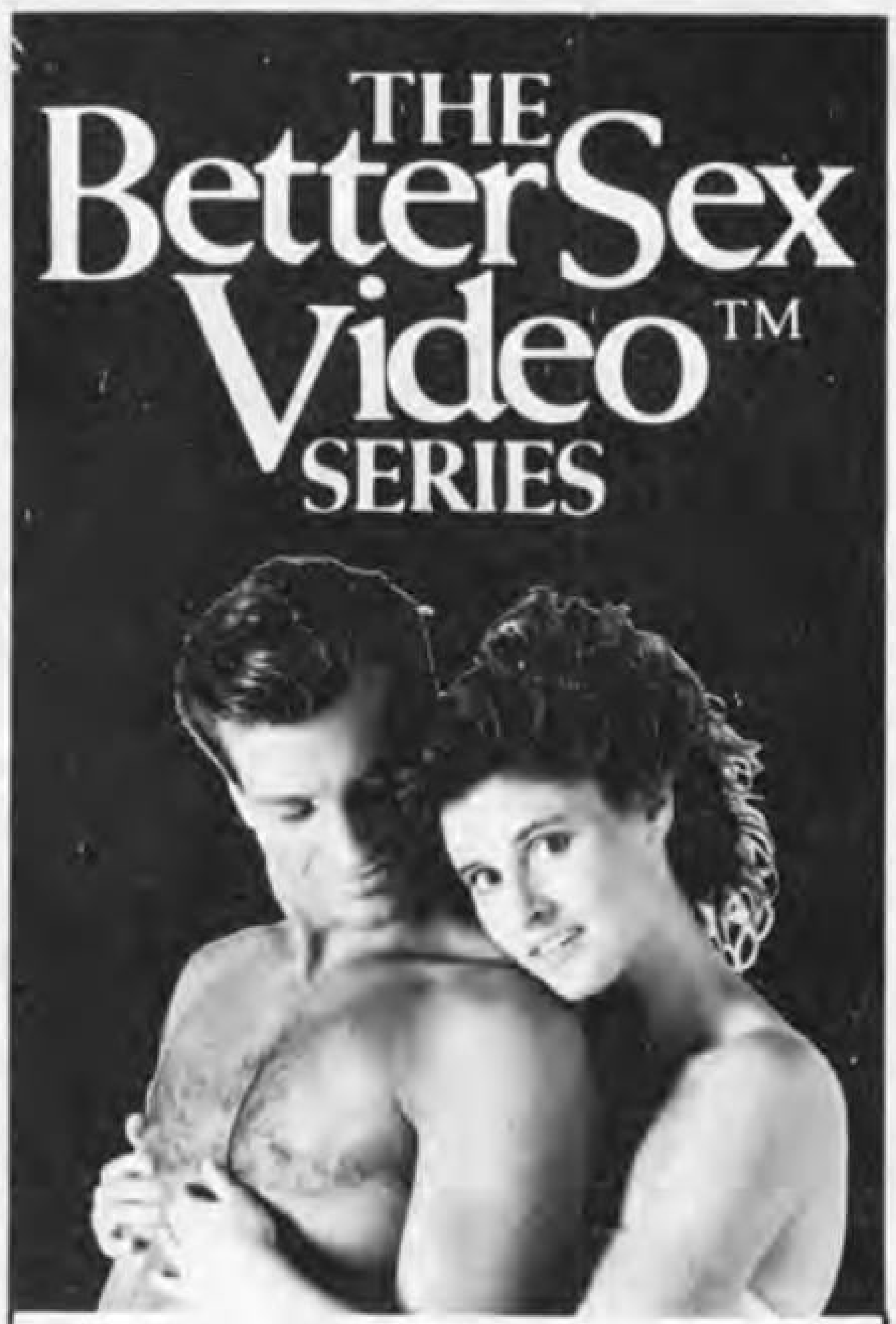
"What'd you come up for?" he heard himself say.

"It's my house," she shrugged, matter-of-factly. "It doesn't matter now. Maybe I wanted to watch."

Mike pushed Bronson's body away. He looked at her and felt himself trying to think again, but his thoughts were still raw and unreasoned. He was sure, though, that something was wrong.

"I guess you ain't got a husband to worry about anymore," Mike said.

"I never did," Donna replied. "I've never been married. That wasn't my husband; it was my father." Her ex-



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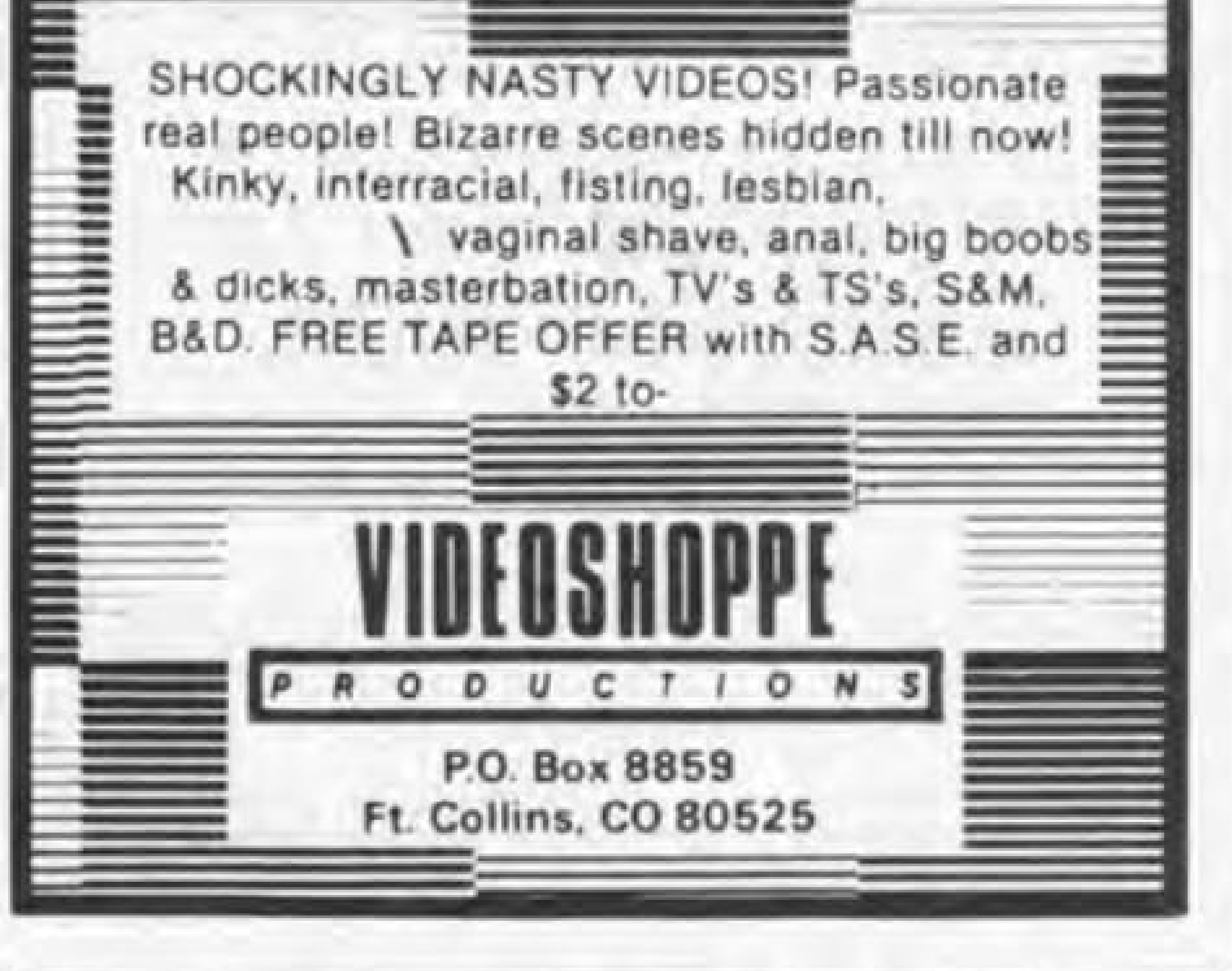
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pression didn't change. She looked almost serene.

He couldn't have heard her right. He couldn't talk to her with a fucking stocking on his head. Mike moved his hands up to take it off.

"I can't let you do that," she said.

She shifted away from the doorway. He saw her in the light and immediately noticed the gun in her hand. She stepped all the way into the bright kitchen and pointed the pistol at him. It was a huge gun, a .44 magnum with an eight-inch barrel. And then he felt himself thinking rationally again as he saw how comfortably she held the heavy revolver, how easily she kept the muzzle trained on his face. Only a markswoman, Mike thought, could comfortably grip a pistol that big.

He then began putting it all together. The requirement that he wear gloves and a mask, so he would look like a burglar. The plan that would require him to barge into the kitchen as he had, so that he would not speak, not even a minute, to the man he was going to kill. It all made sense now.

Mike knew he was going to die.

"Everything else I told you was true," she said, smiling sadly, still holding the gun on him. "He was a horrible man. He never let anyone around him forget what a perfectly superior human being he was."

"Donna..."

"He was the great investor, you see. The great risk taker. A winner. And he made ever so certain that no one else was. Can you imagine what that was like, to have a father who wouldn't let anyone else win? He destroyed my mother. He would have destroyed me too, if I'd let him. I've spent half my life in therapy. You were the first man I was able to get involved with, on any level."

He heard an oiled click as she thumbed back the hammer while still smiling at him.

"But don't you see, Michael, that manipulating you to do this to my father was more important than how I felt about you? I couldn't *live* until my father died. You really did do a good deed."

"Donna..."

"I'm sorry, Michael. I inherit all his money. I'm going to win this one."

The gun muzzle spat orange flame. Mike felt the back of his skull explode. In the last instant of his life he was an animal again, without understanding of wrong or vengefulness as he dropped dead at her feet, as forgiving as an animal that does not understand what forgiveness is, still devoted to her. G

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## SUPER BRA

☞ continued from page 16

We met almost every night at the bar the next few weeks and we always ended up in bed together and she always wore the Super Strapless under something low-cut and tight.

The tryst came to an abrupt end when Pete stalked into my office one day and slapped a magazine down on my desk. The last time he did that, he challenged me to come up with a strapless E-cup bra, which I did. So, I was feeling pretty cocky.

"So, what would you like this time?" I asked. "A corset to make a pregnant woman look like Candy Samples?"

"Read it," he replied tersely.

It wasn't a magazine, actually, but a catalog—our biggest competitor's catalog. It was open to page 45, where the "Super Bra" was displayed. A chill ran down my spine.

"Look familiar?" Pete inquired coldly.

Fucking right, familiar!

"Bill, you said nobody could figure out how to make that thing by taking it apart."

"They can't. I don't know how..."

Suddenly, I did know how. I knew how and I knew who. And, in the same flash, I knew what to do about it.

"Pete," I said, "give me a week. I'll have that copy off the market. Guaranteed."

"Their price is 20 percent lower than ours because they didn't have to pay any development costs. Your salary is our development cost. Get my drift?"

I got it. Pete stormed out, leaving me very pissed.

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The next night, she was at the bar again. As she twisted her lush hips across the bar, her massive tits jutting forward in the slings of a Super Strapless (or maybe a fucking Super Bra!), I knew I was going to miss her a lot. My wife was coming home the next week, though, so maybe it was meant to be. I put my head in my hands and tried my best to look morose.

"Hi, Sugar," she said brightly. "Wanna dance...? Say, you look like shit. What's the matter?"

"I feel like shit. Sit down. I don't feel like dancing tonight."

"Maybe you just need to be cuddled a little. Hmmmm?" She pressed a massive breast against me and I tried my best to ignore it.

"I'm sorry, sweetie. I've got real problems."

"Tell me all about it."

"You know that fancy bra I invented? The one you're wearing?"

"Sure do. If you want, we could go home and you could tit-fuck me in it. You liked that last week."

"I don't even want to think about that bra. We're being sued over it."

"Sued?"

"A million dollars. Some bitch wore one while she was pregnant and claims the unnatural support cut off her milk."

"But you've got good lawyers, haven't you? They'll get you off the hook."

"That's the worst part. The ambulance chasers got a doctor who told them she's right. They're going to settle and now there are more suits being filed."

She sat a minute, looking thoughtful.

"Honey," she said, standing back up, "I forgot something I have to do tonight. Would you mind terribly if I cut out?"

"No, go ahead. I wouldn't be good company anyway."

She left in a hurry, and I kept my head in my hands to hide my triumphant smile.

The Super Bra was off the market the next day and they recalled the ones they'd already sold. Our sagging sales picked right back up, although we probably didn't sell many to pregnant women with big tits and bustier top fetishes. By the time the competition realized they'd been had, we had eliminated our development costs and dropped the price so low they couldn't compete. I got another raise and a promotion.

I went back to the bar a couple of times, but never saw Pamela again. I'm sure that was for the best, although I have to admit—spy or no spy—she was one hell of a woman. G

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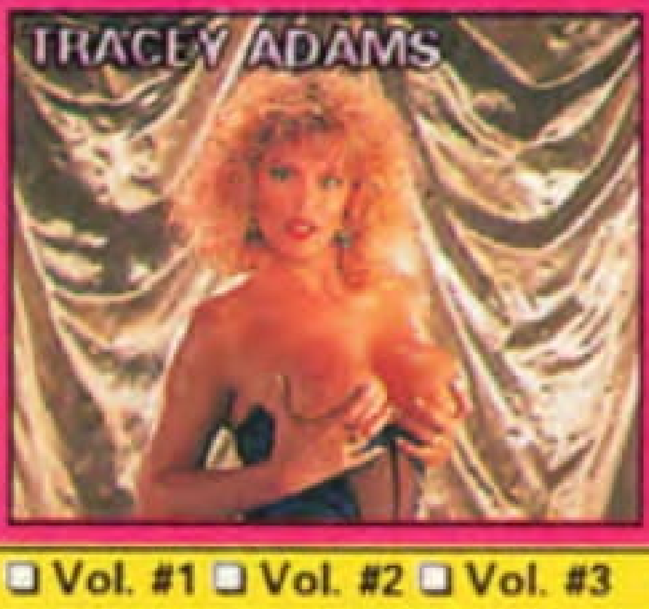

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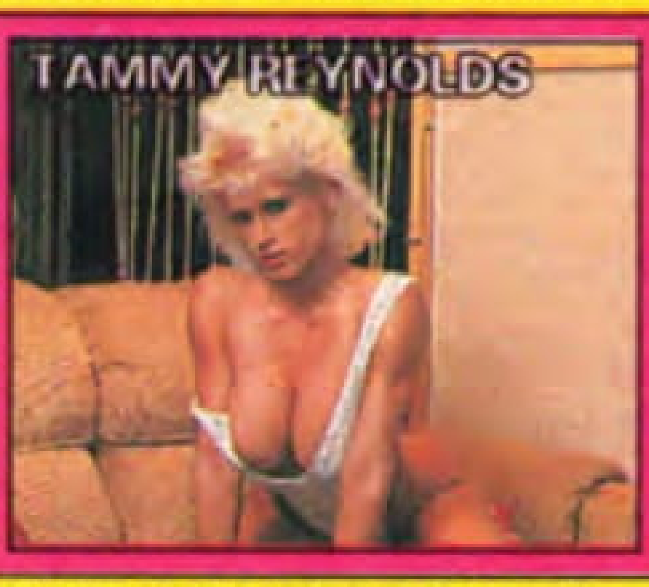

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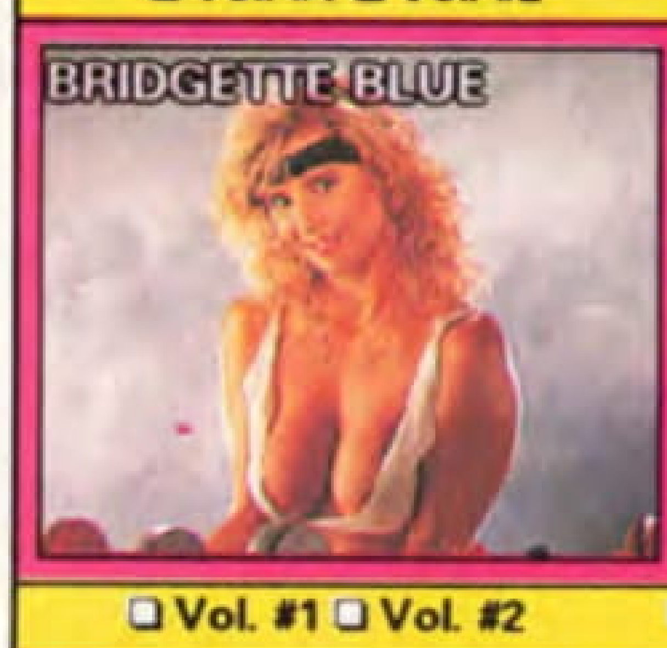

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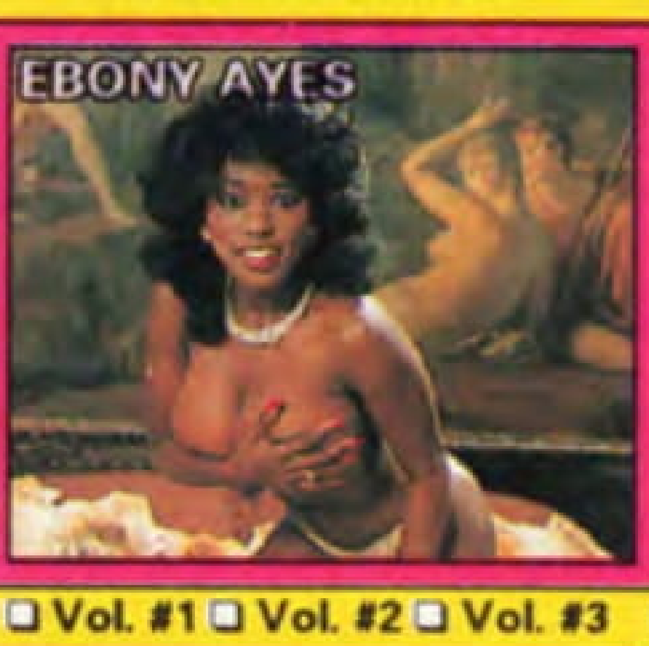

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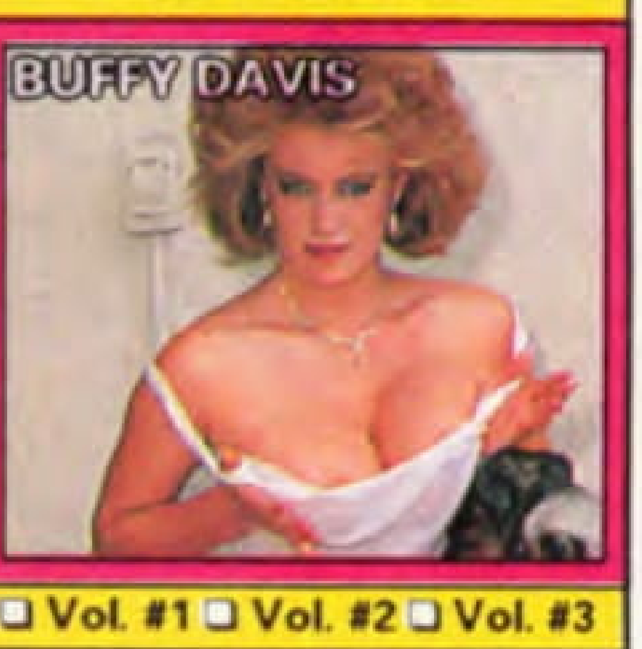

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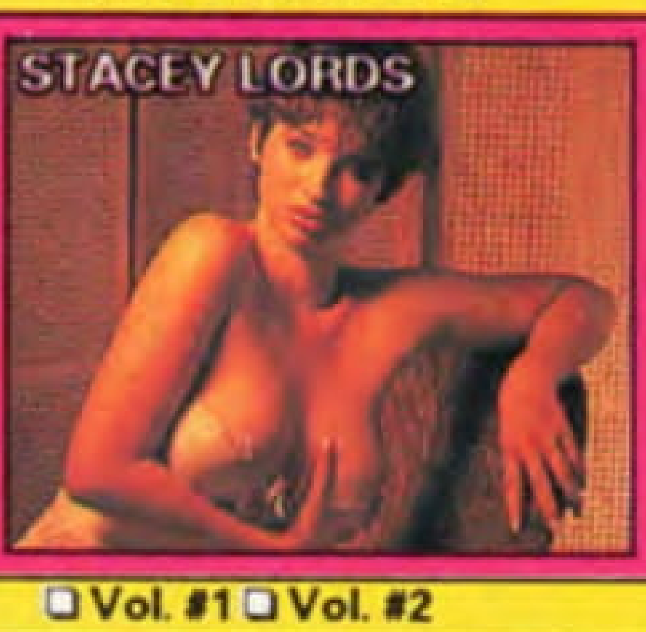

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## THE MAIL SLOT

☞ continued from page 6

my opinion, this look is sexy as hell. To see a woman dressed like this and then slowly discard each item while being photographed on her hands and knees is very exciting.

I'm afraid I'm not one of those that really gets turned on by just the sight of spread muff shots. In my opinion, there is nothing sexier than to use your imagination when seeing a gal sexily dressed. Granted, seeing the girl's muff makes a grand finale, but not a whole feature. It's almost like being a gynecologist—it gets old after awhile.

This is my first time writing to you, but since it has been a long time since I've seen gals wearing pants, I figured I'd find out why. I'd appreciate whatever you could do to fulfill one of my greatest desires.—Jerry, California

*Dear Jerry: You've probably noticed that the clothes the models in our layouts are wearing reflect current fashion trends. Of course, there are the traditional standbys—lingerie and bikini swimsuits for example—but as for street clothes, you'll notice that our photographers usually elect to clothe the models in whatever's popular. And with women's fashions, that is always changing.*

*The recent lack of tight pants in our layouts is probably because tight pants haven't been in vogue in recent years. We do, however, have some layouts coming up in which the girls will be wearing tight cycling pants and skin-tight, lacy stretch pants. We think you'll find these pictorials especially to your liking.*

### A TIT TO TIT FANTASY

DEAR GENT:

Having published reader suggestions for every imaginable photo-erotic fetish, please consider mine. It's a battle-of-the bras variation wherein a Rubenesque plumper poses with a slim-but-stacked model. You came close with the Lisa Phillips-Devon Daniels layout (July '89), but in my version, the slimmer, outweighed and out-bellied honey surpasses her tubby adversary in mammary heft by eye-popping margins.

Especially effective (to me) would be to begin the sequence of poses with the plumper shedding her dress

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and bra first. "Slim" watches and assists, feigning awe at, say, 170-pound Trish (44D) before she undresses and stuns the plumper with her own incredible pair of 49 FFs (Tracl ToppS, for example).

For the grand finale, the now subdued plumper humbly defers to her slim competitor's commanding breasts. Holding one of slim girl's voluminous tits in her two chubby hands, the chubbette addresses it with an oral salute.

A simpler and less costly alternative would be to simply cull from your layouts of plumpers and slims, those photos of virtually identical size and juxtapose them. As an added bonus, your graphic illustrator could capture their likenesses when the plumper orally surrenders to slim's overpowering boobs. And you could title it all. "CompeTITion."—B.K., New York

## JACKING HIS WAY THROUGH MAY

DEAR GENT:

I have just finished jacking my way through your May issue. Sheena Marie's flexible, tan-lined body is luscious! Karen Kane is a California cutie. From tongue to toe, she's got me California dreamin'!

But, it is the May "Candidly Yours" that I finally shot my load for. I took one look at Rusty and thought of my all-time favorite "Candidly Yours" girl—Kim, aka Tracy (GENT/Feb.)!! It's been over three months and I'm still jacking off to Tracy's centerfold layout. Her feet, her asshole, her titties, her tongue! A man would need five dicks and 10 tongues to lie beside a girl like that!

Speaking of which, let me add that I will be jacking my dick for a long time over C.M. too! I dare a man to look at her photos and not jack off! A pretty young tan-lined blonde lying in bed. Oooh! I could suck her hole until it turned purple! I'd love to enter her doggie-style after licking the soles of her feet. Judging by her comments, maybe I've got a shot! Man, I'd love to get into bed with Rusty and C.M. Please, more Rusty, C.M. and Tracy!—G., New York

*Dear G.: Thanks for your comments regarding the May lineup. Tracy Lee, who began in "Candidly Yours" and then went on to become our February centerfold, will be back soon for another feature layout.*

MEET GIRLS WITH BIG BOOBS

Hi. my name is Shari. I am featured this month in a **NEW** monthly singles register filled exclusively with listings and NUDE PHOTOS of full-figured women, D-Cup and larger only! Single sexy girls interested in dating, swinging, modeling, and some even marriage.

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## THE BIG DECISION

☞ continued from page 40

kicked in the nuts. That feeling stayed with me for the first 48 hours after the surgery. Applying an ice pack helped (believe me, ice feels *great* at this point), but I screwed up by putting the ice in a wash cloth. The doctor had warned me not to get the area wet for 48 hours, to avoid infection. I patted it dry and put the ice in a plastic bag. The pills helped, but when they wore off, I noticed it. There was very slight bleeding from the sutures for the first eight hours or so.

I hobbled around, putting my feet up for most of the weekend. I noticed my lover was showing subconscious signs of objection to the procedure and its implications. When I asked her to sit and talk with me, her bitchy response was that she was too busy, or something along those lines. I interpreted this as underlying resentment (no more babies).

Saturday was a day of soreness, much the same as described before. I awoke early Saturday morning (three a.m.) and was feeling much better as the tenderness had diminished. But when I woke up in the daytime, the soreness had returned. I had to walk slowly and deliberately, so as not to jostle my genitals, which helped me avoid the "kicked-in-the-crotch" feeling to my lower abdomen. I took a pain pill every three hours, and slept most of the day.

By Sunday morning, the soreness was still present, but diminished. I could take my first shower since the surgery, and did so with pleasure. However, freeing my groin to hang in the air was not a

☞ continued on page 88

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# Candidly Yours

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***Wow! Get a load of Caryn's gigantic tits! Her proud hubby sent in these photos of his 135 lb. wife. Those whoppers fill a 40F-cup bra. Caryn is 31, 5'4" and says she loves a big cock between her tits fucking away.***

***Kathy is as cute as a bug in a rug. She is 26-years-old and weighs 175 pounds. But this 5'4" doll is well rounded into a 38-30-38 package. Kathy enjoys posing nude and wearing sexy clothes. Her husband's gonna lose his load when he sees her in GENT! We bet you've got a special lady you'd like to see in "Candidly Yours." We'll pay her $50 to $100 if her pictures are published. Send a full front, side and rear nude photo to GENT, 2600 Douglas Road, Suite #602, Coral Gables, FL 33134.***

***Egad! "Ms. Pride and Joy's" got a pair of colossal whoppers which she squeezes into a 56DD-cup bra! Now here's a pair of big bombers! She loves to have her guy suck on her tits until her big nipples swell up and the veins stand out. This 24-year-old secretary also lifts weights, collects sexy lingerie and gets off on GENT. She also has a weird collection of sunglasses to hide behind. We'd sure like to get behind this big momma and fondle her fantastic jugs. Just imagine cupping her tits while rubbing your cock against that beautifully big body.***

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## THE BIG DECISION

☞ continued from page 84

pleasant feeling, and I ended up taking as much of the shower as possible with my underwear on for support. I suffered from a lot of itching where I had been shaved, and it was maddening trying to avoid scratching the places that were so close to the surgical site. I was able to walk around more freely than on Saturday, and didn't feel as uncomfortable when I stood or walked.

In the days that followed, I experienced varying degrees of "kicked-in-the-balls" type pain. It became easier to walk and move around, but more difficult to sit or lie comfortably. My crotch seemed to "get in the way" often, and I found myself taking the pain pills whenever I had to sit for a long time. My usual morning hard-on continued on a daily basis, right after the surgery, although it didn't feel good during most of the first week.

True to the doctor's word though, after only a week, I felt much better. I could lift a fair amount of weight, and walk at a normal pace again. I beat off for the first time then, curious as to how it would feel. Orgasms still felt good, but there was a noticeable but indescribable difference, which passed after a couple of weeks. It may have been due to internal healing processes that were still taking place.

By the ninth day after surgery, though, I felt absolutely normal. I could run, lift, lust and do everything that I could before the surgery. All that remained before I would be sterile was to clean out the remaining sperm from the duct, which the doctor said would take 20 or 30 ejaculations, or 90 days, whichever came first. I have never beaten my meat as often as I did then. I can't describe the relief I felt when after only four weeks, the doctor told me I had no more sperm to worry about!

The question I'm most often asked is "Does sex feel the same?" Absolutely! There is no difference in desire, or the sensations I feel when I have sex—none! I can say that I enjoy it more, knowing that I never will have to hear another woman moan "I'm pregnant" (with my child) again.

In summary, I would say that for men who are sure they do not want children, and who do not mind some short-term discomfort to achieve long-term birth control, a vasectomy is a safe, effective (99.7 percent) and relatively pain-free procedure that I recommend. G

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# Pleasure PRINCIPLE

***Funky yet cute, daring yet playful, Lacey Pleasure is a little blonde ball of energy whose enthusiasm is matched only by her girlish charm.***

This is a big month for Lacey Pleasure but when you look like she does, big things are to be expected. Lacey is making her debut in GENT and judging from these first few shots, this will be the first of many appearances in the *Home Of The D-Cups*. To say that Lacey's body is astounding is...well, an understatement. Tits this huge on a girl this petite should be impossible, but Lacey's figure obviously breaks all the rules. Her boobs and areolae are perfectly rounded, giving Lacey the appearance of a living sculpture.

Only 5′3″ tall and 125 pounds, Lacey packs some serious feminine curves on her lovely frame. According to her agent, this 20-year-old cutie measures 55FFF-22-34. Already wowing packed clubs on the dance circuit, Lacey made quite an impression on our staff when she accompanied us to Daytona Beach to recruit models during Spring Break. The sight of her clad in a thong bikini bottom and GENT T-shirt was unforgettable.

**What makes Lacey so special, aside from her physical gifts, is her versatility. Before, she was cute; now, she's turning up the heat.**

When a foxy newcomer wants to spread wide, you don't ask questions—you just shoot her until you run out of film.

When we said before this was a big month for Lacey, we weren't kidding. Not only is she making her GENT debut, but she's making her video debut as well in *Big Busty #38*, in which she co-stars with C.C. Moore. *Big Busty #38* is the featured pick in this month's GENT Video Library, so if you'd like to see this awesome combination in action for yourself, see page 96 for details about ordering. But until your video arrives, satisfy yourself with these steamy photos of a lady who's got a big future.

# Gent's New Video

## Lacey Pleasure and C.C. Moore (and three other busty beauties) in "Big Busty #38"

**BIG BUSTY #38:** This brand-new 75-min. video is packed with gorgeous D-cuppers. First, there's **Lacey Pleasure** (above left and pages 90-95) whose athletic strip scene will have you drooling at both ends. Performed in the privacy of a posh mansion, you'll love every beautiful inch of Lacey as she gets totally naked and spreads herself for your leisurely inspection. And "Big Busty #38" has the famous lesbian scene between **C.C. Moore** (above right and pages 32-37) and **Beverlee Hills** (who fondly recalled doing this scene in her GENT interview last month). Seeing C.C. use her incredible tongue to pleasure another female is a sight no one should miss. Plus this video features the charming onstage act of **Niki Knockers** (GENT/Feb.) and introduces two exciting newcomers—a gorgeous redhead, aptly named **Jessica Juggs,** and a slim-waisted acrobat named **T.T. Galore** who has honeydew-size melons. You'll be seeing both T.T. Galore and Jessica Juggs in GENT layouts soon. Meanwhile, don't miss their sizzling performances in "Big Busty #38!" **$69.95**

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# Library Presents

## Or take your pick from these videos—all starring models you've seen in GENT

**BIG BUSTY #36:** Completely re-edited to include more close-ups of incredible 49-22-35 **Tracl ToppS** (above), this 60-min. tape is now a chart buster. Filmed live in Toronto's famed strip bars, dynamic young showgirl Tracl ToppS is examined from head to toe. Also featured are dancers **Brandy Anderson**, 6′3″ **Bunny Glamazon** and **Sheena Marie**. See page 17 for a complete review. **$69.95**

**BIG BUSTY #39: Beverlee Hills** (GENT/Aug.) and **Chessie Moore** (GENT/Apr.) perform *triple-X hardcore* in this new 75-min. video. Beverlee vacuums her man's boner with a wild blowjob before being impaled in every position in the book. Then Chessie and former "C.Y." model **Lauren** hook up for a hot lez scene before being joined by a stud who makes it a threesome. **Tami Roche** also stars. **$69.95**

**THE GIRLS OF FRANCE:** One of the year's best new videos, this 90-min. tape features sexy French newcomer, **Marie Christine** (above and pages 7-11), **Valerie LeFevre** (GENT/July), **Cathy** (GENT/Oct. '89) and **Emily** (GENT/Aug.) All of the girls appear in solo scenes, plus Cathy and Valerie make an impressive D-cup duo when they pose together. An *XXX* scene ends this video in style. **$69.95**

**BUSEN EXTRA #2:** Sexy and super stacked **Melissa Mounds** (above) gets a licking she'll never forget in this XXX-rated video from Germany's famous Pleasure-Verlag. Also featured are former GENT models **Lesa Cruz** and **Ebony Ayes,** plus an exciting new German girl is introduced. All are filmed in the no-nonsense style of *hardcore* that made *Busen I* a bestseller. Running time: 60 min. **$69.95**

**10 YEARS OF BIG BUSTS:** Twenty of the most popular D-cup models of the last 10 years are showcased on this 80-min. videotape. You'll enjoy footage of greats like **Pauline Hickey** (above), **Nicole Reed**, **Candye Kane**, **Laura Sands**, **Keli Stewart**, **Cindy Nelson**, **Candy Samples** and many, many more. Only the biggest and the best made this tape—and many are featured in *hardcore action.* **$49.95**

**10 YEARS OF BIG BUSTS—VOL. 2:** Due to the overwhelming success of Volume One, we've taken 20 more D-cup legends and squeezed the best footage we had of each onto this 80-min. sequel. Featured are **Gerri Reeves**, **Kitten Natividad**, **Barbara Alton**, **Bunny Jo Tyler**, **Virginia**, **Lisa Phillips**, **Savida**, **Lotta Topp**, **Susanne Brecht**, **Europe DiChan** and more. Rated XXX. **$49.95**

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